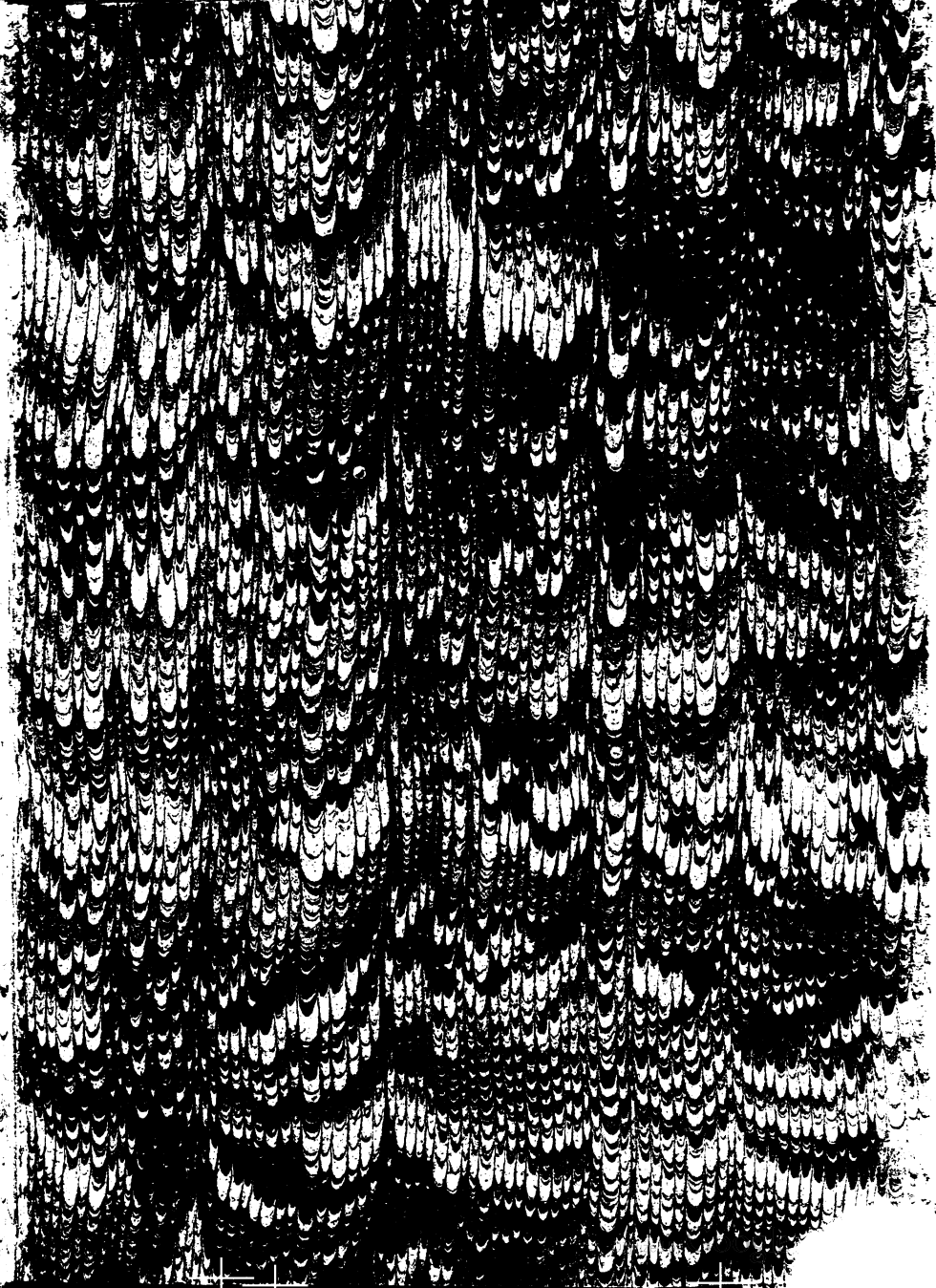

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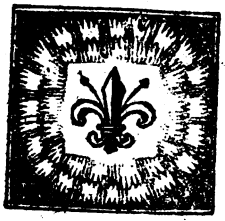
THE SCHOOLE OF COMPLEMENT.

AS IT WAS ACTED by her Majesties Servants at the Private house in Drury Lane.

Hæc placuit semel.

By *I. S.*



LONDON,
Printed by *I. H.* for *Francis Constable*, and are to be sold at his shop under Saint *Martins* Church neere *Ludgate*.

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TO

THE TRVLY NOBLE GENTLEMAN, WILLIAM TRESHAM Esquire.

SIR, *I have long cherished a desire, by some worthy testimony, to expresse how much I honour you: But after a tedious expectation, hopelesse to meet with an occasion to make me so fortunate; I resolved, rather than to hazard the censure of neglect, to snatch any opportunitie of presenting my services. This (which to me hath no name, but what your bounty*

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shall bestow) having pleased you upon the Stage, comming into the world, offereth it selfe to kisse your hand. If you be mercifull, I am upon even termes with the world beside, and will studie next to reach your minde with imaginations of a higher nature. In the meane time, grow you up, and ripen your selfe for Honour; the flowings of your bloud will instruct you how to merit; while I rest content with my ambition, if I may still write my selfe,

Your devoted Servant,

I. SHERLEY.

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THE SCHOOLE OF COMPLEMENT.

PROLOGVE.

IT is a principle by Nature wrot
In all our understanding, there is not
One Art or action, but it must tend
And move from some beginning to its end.
The Souldiers that weare the honoured bayes
Upon their browes, and glorious Trophies raise
To Fame on pile of wounds, knew a time when
They sucke at warre. Your Muse inspired men
And of diviner earth, sacred for wit,
Crept out of their first elements to it:
The goodliest Harvest had first seed and hope,
Ere it could lade with an enriching crop
The rurall Teame: th'exactest building first
Grew from a stone, though afterward it durst
Wrap his faire head in clouds: nothing so true,
As all things have beginning: upon you
Dwell candid application: this Play is
The first fruits of a Muse, that before this
Never saluted Audience, nor doth meane
To sweare himselfe a Factor for the Scene,
Though he employ some houres, he only prayes
You take it as first borne, although he sayes,
He meant it not his heire, since 'tis unjust
One should have all, as in the Law it must.
Accept then a beginning; all men know,
He first kist bayes, that wore them on his brow.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Cornelio, an ancient Gentleman.
Infortunio, a Gentleman lover of *Selina*.
Rufaldo, an old Merchant.
Antonio, ſonne to *Cornelio*, in love with *Hilaria*.
Gaſparo, a Gentleman a lover of *Felice*.
Ienkin, a Welſhman.
Bubulcus, a rich Gull, in love with *Hilaria*.
Iocarello, *Ienkins* Page.
Gorgon, *Antonio's* Servant.
Ingeniolo, a Juſtices Clarke.
Orlando Furioſo, a Roarer.
An old Countrey-man.
Offe his ſonne.
Servingman.
Shepherds.

Selina Cornelio's daughter.
Felice, her ſiſter.
Hilaria, *Rufaldo's* daughter.
Delia, a Chamber-maid.
Medulla, a Countrey Gentlewoman.
Shepherdeſſes.

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THE SCHOOLE OF COMPLEMENT.

Scena prima.

Enter Antonio and Gasparo.

Antonio.

SIrra, this Welshman is in love with my sister *Selina*, and hath chosen me for his prolocutor.

Gasp. O! this Love will make us all mad, thou knowest I lov'd a sister of thine once, but heaven knowes where she is, I thinke she lov'd me too, dost thinke she did not?

Gasp. Well, thy father has reason to curse himselfe, beside some that she and I have.

Ant. Nay, nay, thou'lt fall into passion againe, when things are past recovery, 'twas a good wench, but come, prethee leave to thinke on her.

Gasp. Nay, I ha done, what shal's doe?

Ant. Any thing but talke of State matters; thou hast much intelligence in the world, prethee what's the newes abroad? I come forth a purpose to heare some, and this is an age of novelties.

Gasp. Newes? O excellent newes!

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Ant.

Ant. Prethee what ist? I long to heare some.

Gasp. There is no newes at all.

Ant. Call you that excellent newes?

Gasp. Is it not good newes, that there is no bad newes? the truth is, the newes-maker Master Money-lacke is sicke of a consumption of the wit.

Ant. The newes-maker? why, is there any newes-maker?

Gasp. Oh sir, how should younger brothers have maintained themselves, that have travelled, and have the names of Countries, and Captaines without booke, as perfect as their prayers, I, and perfecter too? for I thinke there is more probability of forgetting their prayers, they say them so seldome; I tell you sir, I have knowne a Gentleman that has spent the best part of a thousand pound, while he was prentice to the trade in *Holland*, and out of three sheets of paper, which was his whole stocke, a pen and inke-horne hee borrowed, he set up shop, and spent an hundred pound a yeare upon his whore, and found sheets for them both to lie in too: it hath beene a great profession, mary most commonly they are Sould iers: a peace concluded, is a great plague unto'em, and if the warre should, we shall have store of them; O, they are men worthy of commendations, they speake in print.

Ant. Are they Souldiers?

Gasp. Faith so they would be thought, though indeed they are but mungrels, not worthy of that noble attribute; they are indeed bastards, not sons of war and true Souldiers, whose divine soules I honour, yet they may be cald great spirits too, for their valour is invisible, these, I say, will write you a battell in any part of *Europe* at an houres warning, and yet never set foot out of a Taverne, describe you Townes, Fortifications, Leaders, the strength o'th enemies, what Confederates, every dayes march, not a Souldier shall lose a haire, or have a bullet fly betweene his armes, but hee shall have a Page to wait on him in *quarto*, nothing destroyes 'em but want of a good memory, for if they escape contradiction, they may be chronicled.

Ant. Why, thou art wise enough to be an Informer.

Gasp. I mary, now you speake of a Trade indeed, the very

Alas

Atlas of a State Politick, the common-stocke of a city, nothing falls amisse unto 'em, and if there be no filth in the Commonwealth can live by honestie, and yet be knaves by their privilege, there is not an oath but they will have money for it!

Ant. Oh brave Trade.

Gasp. They can eat men alive and digest 'em, they have their conscience in a string, and can stifle it at their pleasure, the Devils journeymen, set up for themselves, and keepe a damnation house of their owne; indeed they seldome prove Aldermen, yet they are taken for Knights every day o'th weeke, when they ride post, they have the art of insinuation, and speake writs familiarly; they are Agents, as I have heard, for the Devill in their life-time, and if they die in their bed, have this privilege, to be sons of hell by adoption, and take place of Serjants.

Enter Infortunio and Selina.

Gasp. Stay. Who's there? thy sister and *Infortunio*: let's observe.

Infor. I must have other answer, for I must love you.

Sel. Must? but I doe not see any necessitie that I should love you, I doe confesse you are a proper man.

Infor. O doe not mocke *Selina*, let not excellence
Which you are full of, make you proud and scornfull,
I am a Gentleman, though my outward part
Cannot attract affection, yet some have told me,
Nature hath made me what she need not shame,
Yet looke into my heart, there you shall see
What you cannot despise, for there you are
With all your graces waiting on you, there
Love hath made you a Throne to sit, and rule
Ore *Infortunio*, all my thoughts obeying
And honouring you as Queene, passe by my outside:
My breast I dare compare with any man.

Sel. But who can see this breast you boast of so?

Infor. Oh! 'tis an easie worke, for though it be
Not to be pierced by the dull eye, whose beame

Is ſpent on outward ſhapes, there is a way
To make a ſearch into hiddenſt paſſage.
I know you would not love to pleaſe your ſenſe:
A Tree that beares a ragged unleav'd top
In depth of Winter, may when Summer comes
Speake by his fruit, he is not dead but youthfull,
Though once he ſhew'd no ſap: my heart's a plant
Kept downe by colder thoughts, and doubtfull feares,
Your frownes like Winter ſtormes make it ſeeme dead,
But yet it is not ſo, make it but yours,
And you ſhall ſee it ſpring, and ſhoot forth leaves
Worthy your eye, and the oppreſſed ſap
Aſcend to every part to make it greene,
And pay your love with fruit when Harveſt comes.
If my affection be ſuſpected, make
Experience of my loyaltie, by ſome ſervice
Though full of danger, you ſhall know me better,
And ſo diſcerne the truth of what you ſee not.

Sel. Then you confeſſe your love is cold as yet,
And winter's in your heart.

Infor. Miſtake me not, *Selina*, for I ſay
My heart is cold, not love.

Sel. And yet your love is from your heart Ile warrant.

Infor. Oh you are nimble to miſtake,
My heart is cold in your diſpleaſures only,
And yet my love is fervent, for your eye
Caſting out beames, maintaines the flame it burnes in.
Againe, ſweet Love,
My heart is not mine owne, 'tis yours, you have it,
And while it naked lyes, not dain'd your boſome
To keepe it warme, how can it be but cold,
In danger to be frozen? blame not it,
You only are in fault it hath no heat.

Sel. Well ſir, I know you have Rhetorick, but I
Can without art give you a finall anſwer.

Infor. Oh ſtay, and thinke a while, I cannot reliſh
you ſhould ſay finall, ſweet, deliberate,

It doth concerne all the eſtate I have,
I meane not dunghill treaſure, but my life
Doth ſtand or fall to it, if your anſwer be
That you can love me, be it ſwift as lightning.
But if you meane to kill me, and reject
My ſo long love-devotions, which I have pay'd
As to an Altar, ſtay a little longer,
And let me count the riches I ſhall loſe,
By one poore aëry word, firſt give me backe
That part of *Infortunio* that is loſt
Within your love, play not the Tyrant with me.

Sel. Y'are over-weake to let your paſſions ſway you:
If I knew any thing I had of yours,
I would not doe you that injuſtice, ſir,
To let it ſtay with me, and for your love,
I cannot pay it backe againe with mine,
Either releaſe the debt, or I ſhall dye in't,
Your ſuit is fruitleſſe, hopeleſſe, pardon me, farewell.

Ant. Now by all my hopes you are to blame, ſiſter, come, this Gentleman deſerves your love, *Infortunio*.

Sel. Brother, you forget your ſelfe.

Ant. Why, I doe remember I am your brother, I ſay you muſt love him.

Sel. Muſt?

Ant. What, does that move your ſpirit? what are you, but you may love? be not petulant, y'are a baggage and not worthy of a man, by heaven I now could kick her. *Exit.*

Gaſp. Thy tother ſiſter was of calmer temper, this a true woman.

Infor. Sir, had not nature made you brother to her, I ſhould be angry. *Exit.*

Ant. Alas poore Gentleman, I doe not feele my ſelfe in ſuch an humour for *Hilaria*, and yet by this hand I love her well enough, and now I thinke on't, I promis'd her my company, ſhe has a damnable uſurious ſtinking wretch to her father, that cannot abide me, but 'tis no matter, this wench and I may find a place to meet in, in ſpight of his eyes and ſpectacles. How now *Gorgon*, what ſayes ſhe?

Enter Gorgon.

Gorg. Sir, I have done your remembrances to Mistris *Hilaria*, and told her you should find her comming by and by, but you were best passe in some obscurity, for her father *Rufaldo* is hard by sir. *Lupus in Fabula.* *Enter Rufaldo.*

Ant. Gaspero, and thou love me, shew thy wit to entertaine this peece of blacke Dammaske and Velvet guards, while I goe in to *Hilaria.*

Ruf. Old men are the truest lovers, young men are inconstant and wag with every wind, we never move, but are as true as steele.

Gor. But in womens matters as weake as water, as weake as water.

Ruf. Besides, sweet Love, but doe I court a shadow? to see whither love will carry a man: let me see, I could finde in my heart to bestow a ring upon my Sweet-heart, but that I am loth to part with it: hem, I will get but one childe, and that shall be a boy, lest having too many children, I undoe my heire, and my goods be divided. O sweet *Selina*, O amiable *Selina*; sure I am not old.

Gor. I have it, Signior *Gaspero*, pray let me begin with my Merchant if you love me, and if you like it, second me.

Gasp. Goe to *Gorgon*, let's see thy wit now.

Ruf. Old men walke with a staffe, and creepe along the streets, hold their heads below their girdle, faulter in their speech, foame at mouth, and breathe ten times in a furlong, and are ready to spit their lungs on every mans threshold.

Gorg. God save you sir.

Ruf. Godamercy honest *Gorgon.*

Gor. I cry you mercy sir, Ile assure you sir, I tooke you for Master *Rufaldo* the old Merchant.

Ruf. Why, and am not I? is not the fellow drunke? I am *Rufaldo.*

Gor. It may be some kin to him, but not that *Rufaldo* I meane, you are younger a faire deale.

Ruf. I am that *Rufaldo*, the Merchant, that buried my wife lately, and have one daughter *Hilaria*, ancient acquaintance with *Cornelio* and your master *Antonio.*

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Gor. Oh sir, you must excuse me for that.

Ruf. Is thy name *Gorgon?*

Gor. What else sir, honest *Gorgon* I?

Ruf. Doe I know thee to be *Gorgon?* what, shall I be fac'd out of my selfe? why thou varlet, who am I, if not *Rufaldo?*

Gor. Why sir, 'tis plaine, you have no gray haires in your head, your cheeke is scarlet, a wanton youthfull eye; *Rufaldo* had a head like frost, his eyes sunke into his hollowes, a rugged brow, a hoary beard, and all his body not worth a drop of bloud, a very crazie old mealé-mouth'd Gentleman, you are younger at least by thirty yeares.

Ruf. Ile assure thee I was *Rufaldo*, when I rose in the morning.

Gor. You have not slept since, have you?

Ruf. No.

Gor. 'Tis the more strange. I have heard of some that have beene changed in a dreame, but never waking before: this is strange, nay admirable!

Ruf. Young, chang'd, art sure thou dost not mocke?

Gor. I were a very knave then, if you be *Rufaldo*, I hope your worship knowes I have beene bound to my good behaviour.

Ruf. Altered young, ha! I would I were; and yet mee thinkes I am livelier than I was, I feele my joynts pliable as wax, and my voyce is stronger too. But tell me, honest *Gorgon*, is it possible for an old man to be young againe?

Gor. Nay, I see you'le not beleeve me: well sir, I will be bold to report the wonder abroad, and astonish all your friends.

Ruf. Nay, stay, honest *Gorgon*, ha! young, no gray haires? stay, who's here? *Exit Gorgon.*

Gasp. Ha! 'tis not he, Ile speake to him, no, 'tis in vaine, Ile see if he knowes me. ——— *He passes by.*

Ruf. *Gasparo!* what, does not he know me too?

Gasp. Sir, I should know you, are you not Signior *Petruchio*, the dancing Master?

Ruf. Trickes, passages, I am *Rufaldo*, old *Rufaldo*,

Gasp. *Rufaldo* indeed is old, but you are young, you doe

retaine his countenance, I would sweare you were he, but you are younger farre.

Ruf. 'Tis so, I am chang'd; I am younger than I was, I am that *Rufaldo*, beleeve, I know you to be a learned Gentleman, nam'd *Gaſparo*, I was told afore I was altered, but not to trouble you with many queſtions, only one, *Gaſparo*, is it a thing poſſible for an old man to be young againe? I know 'tis admirable, but is it poſſible? you are a Scholler.

Gaſp. Poſſible? oh yes, theres no queſtion, for wee ſee by experience, Stagges caſt their old hornes, and prove vigorous, Snakes caſt off their old coats, Eagles renew their age, your plants doe it familiarly, the Phœnix when ſhee is old, burnes her ſelfe to aſhes, from thence revives a young Phœnix againe. Poſſible? I have heard ſome old men have beene twice children ſir, ——————— therefore 'tis not impoſſible.

Ruf. 'Tis very ſtrange: I am not yet confident.

Gaſp. There be receits in Phyſicke, ſir, to keepe them young, ſaving that time runnes on a little beforehand with em: yes, and to make young, ſince it is harder to make alive when they are dead, than to make young when they are alive, and Phyſicke doth revive ſome out of all queſtion, though not ſo familiarly as kill, for that they doe with a little ſtudie; marry I thinke, if it were as gainfull to the Phyſitian to reſtore as to deſtroy, he would practiſe the Art of recovery very faithfully.

Ruf. Why, doe you think it would not prove as gainfull?

Gaſp. Oh! by no meanes, for where an old man would give an hundred pound, to have fortie or fiftie yeares wiped off the old ſcore of his life; his wife or next heire would joyne rather than faile, to out-bid him halfe on't, to put him out of debt quite, and to ſend his old leaking veſſell into *mare mortuum*.

Ruf. Well, well, but if I be young, I have tooke no Phyſicke for't.

Gaſp. If! nay, 'tis paſt *If* and *And* too, you are certainly reſtor'd, let me ſee, you looke like one of foure, or ſix and thirtie,

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thirtie, not a minute above, and so much a man may take you for.

Ruf. Well, I know not what to say to't, there is some power in love has blest me: now *Selina*, be thou gracious.

Gasp. Are you in love? nay, the wonder is not so great; who can expresse the power of Love? I have read of a Painter named *Pigmalion*, that made the picture of a woman so to the life, that he fell in love with it, courted it, lay in bed with it, and by power of Love, it became a soft-natur'd wench indeed, and he begot I know not how many children of her. Well sir, *Selina* cannot choose but be mad for you.

Ruf. Not mad, *Gaspare*, I would be loth to be troubled with her and she be mad.

Gasp. Yes, and shee be mad in love, there is no harme in't, she cannot be too mad in love, your *Cornucopia* may be abated at pleasure, besides sir, the best morall men say, Love it selfe is a madnesse, and the madder your wife is, the more sure you may be she loves you.

Ruf. No, no, I love no madnesse on any condition, for feare of being horne-mad.

Gasp. Why sir, madnesse is not such a discredit, as the age goes: you know there are many mad fashions, and what man but sometimes may be mad? are not your great men mad, that when they have enough, will pawne their soule for a Monopoly? besides mad Lords, what doe you thinke of Ladies at sometime of the Moone, you may spell em in their names, Maddame? you have mad Courtiers, that run madding after Citizens wives: the Citizens are mad too, to trust em with their wares, who have beene so deepe in their wives bookes before: your Justice of Peace is sometimes mad too, for when he may see well enough, he will suffer any man to put out his eye with a bribe: some Lawyers are often stark-mad, and talke wildly, no man is able to endure their termes.

Ruf. Prethee mad-cap leave, I am almost mad to heare thee.

Gasp. Well, my old young *Rufaldo*, if you marry *Selina*, I shall have a paire of gloves, I hope, and youle let me dance at your wedding.

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Ruf.

Ref. That thou shalt, boy, and Ile dance my selfe too, hey, ——— *Exit leaping.*

Gasp. Farewell credulitie, ha, ha, with what a greedinesse doe old men run out of their wits? 'Twas a good recreation to see with what pleasure, hee suffered himselfe to be guld: faith *Gaspar*, play out thy hand, now thou art in: me thinkes I have an excellent appetite to make my selfe merry with the simplicity of this age: let me see, 'tis Spring, and I meane to give my head a purgation, to may beat off the remembrance of my loft love *Felice*: a pox of melancholy, I will act two or three parts, if I live, in spight of it, and if I die then *Exit Gaspare.*

Enter Gorgon.

Gor. Seignior *Gaspare*, my Master would speake with you: the project too: I met the Youth strutting like a Gentleman Usher, 'twas my invention.

Gasp. But I gave it pollish, *Gorgon.*

Gorg. I confesse, you tooke off the rough-cast, but 'twas *Gorgons* head brought forth the project, from my *Joves* braine came this *Minerva.*

Gasp. I thinke thou art a wit.

Gor. Who, I a wit? I thought you had more wit, than to make such a question, all the Towne takes me for a wit, heres a pate hath crackers in't and flashes.

Gasp. And thou sayst the word, weele joyne in a project of wit, to make an Asse of the world a little, it shall make us merry, if it take no other wayes, wo't joyne?

Gor. By this hand, any project of wit, what ist, good *Gaspare?* the project.

Gasp. Canst be close?

Gor. As mid-night to a Bawd, or a paire of Trusses to an Irish mans buttocks.

Gasp. Go to, thou shalt now then excuse me to thy Master, I will presently furnish my selfe with new lodgings, and expect to heare from me shortly my brave Delphicke, I have it in Embrio, and I shall soone be delivered.

Gorg. If I faile, call me Spider-catcher. *Exit.*

Gasp.

Gasp. Mum, not a word, if all hit right, we may Laugh all our melancholy thoughts away. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Bubulcus.

Bub. If I were a woman, now could I fall in love with my selfe: every body tels me I am the propreſt Gentleman in the Towne, and I put it up, for the truth is, I dare not give any one the lye, a pox a fighting, I can look as big as another, but shall I be such an Asse, to venture my selfe with beasts? for they say, your swords most commonly are Foxes, and have notable mettall in 'em; let me see, I am now at *Rufaldoes* my father in Law that must be, here he is.

Enter Rufaldo apparelled youthfully.

Master *Rufaldo*, if you had beene my owne father, as you are but like to be my father in Law, I should have prov'd my selfe a foole, by this hand I should not have knowne you, why, how briske and neat, and youthfull he is!

Ruf. I am something altered I confesse, since I saw you.

Bub. By this flesh that shines, a man would not take you to be above five or six and thirty at most, how came this?

Ruf. Iust as *Gaspare* told me, 'tis apparent, nay, nay, son, forbeare to bee inquisitive, I confesse I am abated of my age, the power of Love, and so forth, but I see your fire of love is not out too.

Bub. No, mine was but raked up in the embers.

Ruf. Why, this Love does make us all ingenious too: come sit downe, saving your tayle sir, a cushion, we may discourse with the more ease.

Bub. Pray, how does my Sweet-heart Mistris *Hillaria*?

Ruf. Shee is very well, ha son, I am in love too: sonne I call you, I hope you will get my daughters good-will, but youle find her peevish.

Bub. No matter, sir, for that, I would not have her easily, I would sweat for her, Ile warrant, Ile make her love mee.

Ruf. Look you can you read, I made a ditty to send to my

Mistris, and my Musician that I keep in my house, to teach my daughter, hath set it to a very good aire, he tels me: you shall heare and judge of it, I heare him tuning his Instrument.

A Song.

God of Warre to Cupid *yeeld,*
He is Master of the field,
He with Arrow hits the heart,
Thou with Lance the worser part.

Cupid *greater is than* Jove,
Since he wounded was with love,
Nay, in power by much odds
He excels the other gods.

Love transform'd Jove *to a Swan,*
Made Ulysses *a mad man,*
But Rufaldo *it does make*
Young for his Selinas *sake.*

Ruf. How doe you relish it, ha?

Bub. Itroth the Ditty is as pretty an ayer as ere I saw, 'tis divided into three Regions too, I warrant you, can make Ballads easily.

Ruf. Oh fie, they are barbarous and ignoble, that's beggerly.

Bub. But for all that, I have read good stuffe sometimes, especially in your fighting Ballads, *When Cannons are roaring, and bullets are flying, &c.*

Ruf. Fie, a whipping post, tinkerly stuffe; how did you like the aire?

Bub. As sweet an aire as a man would wish to live in, but 'tis som-what backeward.

Ruf. Oh Musicke, the life of the soule.

Bub. I should have learn'd Musicke once too, but my Master had so many crochets, I could ne'r away with it: but where is your daughter, Sir? there is no Musicke without her, she is the best Instrument to play upon.

Ruf. And you shall have her betweene your legs presently.

Bub. I had as liefe be betwixt hers, for all that.

Ruf.

Ruf. *Hilaria*, where is this girle? Ile fetch her to you, and leave her with you, for I have a Love of mine owne, to whom I meane in perſon to preſent this Ditty, Ile fetch her. *Exit.*

Bub. I doe not ſee what fault ſhee can finde with mee, and if I had ſome good word to come over her: but I muſt helpe it out and need be, with ſwearing; but here ſhe is.

Enter Rufaldo, Hilaria, Antonio aloofe.

Ruf. Still *Antonio* with you? you are a fooliſh girle: doe I take care to provide a husband for you? and will you caſt away your ſelfe upon a Prodigall? but that I would not diſcontent his ſiſter, whom I hope to make my wife, I would forbid him my houſe; therefore bee wiſe, and take heed of him, hee's giddy-headed, and looſe-bodied. The Bee may buzze, but he will leave a ſting: plant your love there: upon my bleſſing, he has many Lordſhips.

Hil. Pray heaven he have good manners.

Ruf. I have ſet open the gate of opportunity; *Cupid* ſpeed us both.

Bub. Let me alone to enter my man, now the point is open: hum, ſtay, there's a man in her Tables more than I looked for: foot, he kiſſes her, Ile call *Rufaldo* backe, hees out of ſight, it were but a cowardly tricke, for me to run away.

Ant. Be Buzzard now, the ſting of conſcience eat up his gut, frie his ſuet, and leave him at his death not able to weigh downe a pound of candle.

Bub. He talkes of ſuet, I doe melt already.

Hil. Looke, doe you ſee that man of clothes? upon my fathers bleſſing he muſt be my husband. What will you doe?

Ant. Fight with him, his clothes are too big for him, Ile beat him till he ſwell to'em.

Hil. No, as you love me, doe not ſtrike him.

Bub. I will ſet a good face what ſoever come. *Hilaria*, how does my Love, come kiſſe; why ſo: this comes of valour, we fall to, and he fals off, he's ſome coward, I hope, and how doeſt *Hilaria*? 'tis an age ſince I ſaw thee: what Springals is that? ha.

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Hil. One that desires to be of your acquaintance, sir.

Bub. My acquaintance, who is he? none but Knights, and Knights fellows, are of my acquaintance, I scorn Gentlemen.

Hi. But for my sake, pray be acquainted with him.

Bub. Thou shalt do much with me, sir, I am content for her sake whom I love, to be acquainted with you, wo't borrow any money? for so do all that begin their acquaintance with me, 'tis the fashion, he is a coward, is he not? here: nay, and you scorne my money, I scorne your acquaintance.

Hil. Pray for my sake.

Bub. Why, he will borrow no money of me, I had never such a tricke put upon mee, since I knew what acquaintance was: Ime sure there have beene forty acquainted with mee, since I came to Towne, and not one had so little breeding, to let mee aske 'em the question, wee could no sooner shake hands, but the other was in my pocket: It may be 'tis his modestie. Sir, this is my Love *Hilaria*, and if you will not borrow money of me, by this hand, there lyes my sword, he is a coward.

Hil. It appeares.

Bub. Hilaria is my Mistresse, and if any man dare be so venturous, as to blast her reputation with a foule breath, he shall breathe his last.

Hil. 'Tis very sure, he shall not be immortall.

Bub. Or if you shall offer in my presence to defile her lip, or touch her hand, or kisse but the nether part of her vesture, you had better kisse her in another place; nay doe but blow on her.

Hil. You forget your selfe, this is my friend.

Bub. Or winke at her, or speake to her, or make signes, or thinke on her to my face, and you had better keepe your thoughts to your selfe: now to conclude, and if you bee agriev'd, my name is *Bubulcus*, and you lye.

Ant. And you lye there ath ground: why should not I knock his brains out with his owne hilts, or stake him to the ground, like a man that had hang'd himselfe? Sirrah cloaths, Rat of Nilus fiction, monster, golden Calfe, oh, I would kick

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thee

thee till thou haſt no more brains, then thy couſin Woodcock: I will not diſhonour my ſelfe to kill thee, halfe a dozen kicks will be as good as a houſe of correction, out you Monkey.

Bub. Oh, that I could run thee thorow body and ſoule, I will challenge thee, a pox on your toes, would I had the paring of your nayles, were you dumbe ſo long for this?

Ant. Hence.

Bub. Who look't for you? when will you be here agen? looke for a challenge, the time may come, when I will beat thee. *Exit.*

Ant. Has thy father left a multitude of men, to make choice of this peece of folly to be thy husband? oh, the blindneſſe of a covetous wretched father, that is led onely by the eares, and in love with ſounds! Nature had done well to have thruſt him into the world without an eye, that like a Mole is ſo affected to baſe earth, and there meanes to dig for Paradiſe: but come, *Hilaria.*

Fathers their children and themſelves abuſe,
That wealth a husband for their daughter chuſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cornelio, Rufaldo, and Selina.

Cor. I did not thinke, *Rufaldo*, pardon mee,
You could have ſo prevail'd, but if ſhe can
Plant her affection on yee, Ile not be
Backward to call you ſonne.

Seli. Hee does appeare
With all the charmes of love upon his eye,
And not rough drawne, but poliſht, he aſſumes
A power 'bove all reſiſtance.

Cor. An old mans Darling, is a petty Queene
Above all her deſires.

Ruf. Nay, ſhe ſhall want nothing my wealth can purchaſe,
O my ſweet *Selina.*

Cor. *Rufaldo*, with your patience, I would have
A word or two in private, you need not
Prejudicate mee.

Ruf. With all my heart.

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Cor. Selina, thou knoweſt I am thy father.
Sel. My duty, ſir, ſhall ſpeake it.
Cor. And you know whom you have rejected.
Sel. Young *Infortunio.*
Cor. And you know what man he is, with whom You meane to tye that knot, nothing but Death is able to undoe.
Sil. Rufaldo, ſir, an old man.
Cor. Oh *Selina Felice*, thy poore ſiſter thou recalſt To ſad remembrance, but heaven alas Knowes onely where ſhe is.
Sel. Sir, I have often heard you talke of her,
But never knew that ſiſter well.
Cor. Thou with thy uncles tenderneſſe waſt kept Alwayes ith Countrey, not untill her loſſe At home with me her fate taught me to give A liberty to thee, her I reſtrain'd Poore wench in love with *Gaſpero*, till betwixt Obedience to a father, and the love
To him, ſhee left us both, father and friend, Now to avoid the like affliction, I vowed thy freedome, and thou ſeeſt I doe Not encounter thy affection with the bonds
A father might enforce upon his child.
Sel. I humbly thanke you *Cor.* But yet *Selina*, Take heed, be not too raſh, I have obſerv'd You want no common judgement, O doe not Precipitate thy ſelfe into a ſorrow,
Shall waſte thee with repentance, let mee tell you, There is a method, when your paſſion's young To keep it in obedience: you love *Rufaldo*, Art thou not young? How will the Roſe agree With a dead Hyacinth? or the Honey Wood-bind, Circling a withered Bryer? You can apply, can you ſubmit your body
To bed with Ice and Snow, your blood to mingle?
Would you bee deaf'd with coughing, teach your eye How to bee rumaticke? Breathes he not out His body in diſeaſes, and like duſt Falling all into peeces, as if Nature Would make him his old grave: I ſay too much. O what are all the riches of the world, To an oppreſſed mind? which then muſt bee Fed with deſpaire of change, or will gold Buy off th' impriſonment? nay, will it not Compoſe the chaines, that binde you to endure it? Well I have ſaid enough, keepe ſtill your freedome,
And loſe it where you will, you ſhall not blame

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Me

Me for your fate, nor grieve me with your ſhame.

Sel. Deare father, low as earth I tender you The duty of a daughter, I have heard you Not with a careleſſe eare, that liberty You have beſtow'd on me, for which I owe All that I am, doth make me confident You will not be offended, if I tell you My love is vertuous, were it otherwiſe, I ſhould elect as you premoniſh youth, And prodigall blood: And father, I thinke here I ſhew my ſelfe your daughter, nor am I Without good preſident too: how many fine Young noble Ladies, in this Faiery Ile, Have matcht with reverend age? and live as they Were borne from Natures puritie, free from ſtaine Of ſenſuall imputation, by their Loves, Deriving heavenly honours to themſelves 'Bove merit of equality.

Cor. No more, heavens bleſſing and mine
Light on thee, ſha't have *Rufaldo.*

Sel. I would not leave *Rufaldo* for a world
Of raſh untemperate youth, beleeve it ſir.

Cor. *Rufaldo*, heard you that? ſhe ſayes ſhe would not
Leave you for a world of other men.

Ruf. Nor I for thouſand worlds forſake my Love.
Come ſeale it with a kiſſe, another, another, another.

Cor. As cloſe as Cockles.

Ruf. Oh, that we were married! 'tis death to ſtay the
Ceremonies, would we were a bed together.

Cor. 'Twere time I ſee wee were at conference, To confirme all things for the mariage, You being agreed, I think we ſhall not differ In other circumſtance, and 'twere ſinne to let That keepe your joyes aſunder by delay: Pleaſe you weele have ſome treaties.

Ruf. Moſt willingly, O my bird, my Chicke, my Dove,
My America, my new-found world, I ſhall ſhortly
Run backe into one and twenty againe.

Exeunt Cornelio and Rufaldo.

Sel. With what agility he moves himſelfe,
As he were made of ayre? let weakneſſe tax
Our inequality, I have a minde
Can eaſily contemne what the worlds malice
Out of its owne firſt guiltineſſe can throw
Upon our loves, 'tſhall be enough for me

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Thus to convince the world of ſo much baſeneſſe,
Lodg'd in luxurious thoughts, by my chaſte thoughts.
Rufaldo, thou art mine, all time, me thinks,
Is ſlow, till we be actually poſſeſt
Of mutuall enjoying. Stay, who 's this?

Enter Jenkin, and his Page Jocarelle.

The Welſhman that delivers his affection
At ſecond hand to me.

Ien. Looke you Pages, where our Sweet-hearts and Pigſnies be, and her could tell what to ſay to her now, know her heart very well, but pogs upon her, cannot aule her knowledge ſpeake Rethoricks, and Oratories, and fine words to her? looke you kanow better to fight, and cut doublets with her Welſh glaues, marke you.

Ioc. Sir, will you loſe this opportunitie, youle curſe your ſelfe in Welſh, two or three dayes together for't.

Ien. Sentilwoman, if her knaw not her name, was *Ienkin*, borne in Wales, came of pig houſes, and prittiſh bloods, was have great hils and mountaines aule her owne, when was get 'm again, any was her couſins, and our Countrey man was never conquered, but alwayes have the victories pravely, have her Armes and ſcuſhrins, to know that ſay you, was give in her creſts great deal of monſters, & Dragons, kill 'm with their hooks, very valiantly, as any Sentelman in the whole world: pray you now was pleaſe you place her affections and goodwils upon her, in wayes of make-money, marke you teale plainly, *Ienkin* was love her very honeſtly, elſe pox upon her, and her will fight in her cauſe, and quarrels, long as have any plood in her bellies and backs too, marke you.

Sel. Sir, I am bound to you for the affection
You caſt on mee, 'tis far above my merit.

Ien. Merits ſay you? aw te merits are awle baniſhed our Countries and Nations, you know dat: pray you was her love *Ienkin?*

Sel. Love you, ſir? I know not
How to be ſo inhumane, not to love you,
Your parts deſerve a nobler object, I am not

Worthy

Worthy ſo much opinion of your love,
But wherein I may doe you ſervice ſir,
You ſhall command *Selina.* *Exit Selina.*

Jen. Shall her, was make her meanes and ſatisfections warrant her, or ſay *Senkin* was Sentleman of Wales, ſay you now Pages, was have her matrimonies and wedlocks very faſt, looke you, and when was get her awſe her couſins, was make joyes and gratulation for her good fortunes upon her walſh Harpes, know you dat very well Pages? her feare her ſhall bee Knighted one dayes, and have great cumulations of urſhips, honours, and dignities too, a great while agoe.

Jac. And great Caſtles ith'aire.

Jen. Was give awle our lands, and craggy Tenements in Wales away to our couſin up *Iohn*, and live her ſelfe here upon very good faſhions, with our monies and mighty riches, when her can get 'em.

Enter Infortunio.

Infor. How now, whither ſo faſt, man? thou maiſt get to hell by night, and thou goeſt but an Aldermans pace.

Jen. By Cats blood, her will goe to the Devill and her liſt, what is that to her?

Infor. Cry you mercy, your name is Maſter *Jenkin.*

Jen. And what have her to ſay to Maſter *Ienkin? Ienkin* is as good names as her owne, pray you was good Sentleman as her ſelfe, know very well, ſay you now?

Infor. Godboy, ſir.

Jen. Boyes, does her call her boyes? harke you her? her name is *Ienkin*, her be no boyes, no ſhildren.

Infor. I will not be uſed ſo.

Ien. Her ſhall bee us'd worſe, and her call *Jenkin* boyes, was knocke as tall a man as her ſelfe, an welſh plood bee up, looke you.

Infor. Can ſhe love *Rafaldo?* 'tis impoſſible.

Ien. Piple pables, 'tis very poſſible.

Infor. His body has more dieaſes than an Hoſpitall, an hunger-ſtaru'd Ratcall.

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Ien. Raskals? sheshu! was never such names and appellations put upon her, awle her dayes, Becar her will make you you eat up awle her words and ignominies, or her plade shall make holes in your bellies diggon.

Infor. A very puffe, a weake Canniball.

Ien. Hey, puffe, and Cannibals, if the Devill bee in your mouthes, her will picke your teeths with her welsh plade, and pay you for all your puffes, and Cannibals, warrant her.

Infor. But 'tis her fault alone impudent woman.
Oh, may you like *Narcissus* perish by
Your face, the fall of others, or unpityed
Of heaven and earth, dye loathsome! I could curse.

Ien. Her can curse, and sweare too, looke you now.

Infor. Pardon divinest sex, passions doe force
My reason from me, I doe submit,
Crave pardon, as your creature.

Ien. Nay, and her crave pardons, and make submissions, *Jenkin* was put up awle her angers and indignations, farewell. *Exit cum Iocarello.*

Infor. Oh, *Selina*!
Thou art too much an Adamant
To draw my soule unto thee, either be
Softer, or lesse attractive: but *Rufaldo*,
'Tis depth of witchcraft, oh, I could be mad,
Beyond all patience mad, it is some malice
Hath laid this poyson on her.

Enter Gorgon with a letter.

Gor. Here's *Infortunio*. Alas, poore Gentleman, little does he thinke what blacke and white is here, a bitter handfull of commendations to him, my young Mistris is mad of the old Cocks-combe, and will marry him almost without asking; I cannot tell, but if shee doe not cuckold him, and make him crye cornes on his toes ere hee dye, hee has fooles fortune, for a wise man would bee out of hope to avoyd it, he spies me.

Inf. Whither running, *Gorgon*?

Google

Gorg.

Gorg. Not out of my wit, Sir, I have a Letter from my yong Mistris *Selina*, must in all haste have cleanly conveyance to old *Rufaldo*.

Inf. Let me but see the directions. To my beloved friend Master *Rufaldo*: 'tis a lye, she was mistaken, it was I should owe this appellation, Ile not beleeve the superscription, 'tis a painted face, I'de see the heart on't.

Gorg. I hope, sir, you will not throw open the sheet, and discover my Mistris secrets? How he stares!

Inf. If you love me, and wish me constant, bee your owne friend, and let our marriage day begin with the next morning: thine, mine. Oh *Selina*, she's mad. All womankinde is mad; and I am mad: whom shall I rend in peeces for my wrongs, and as with Atomes fill this poysoned Ayre, *Rufaldo?* Stay, is not she a creature rationall? Oh no, there is no sparke of nature in her, all is sunke, lost for ever: stay, stay, see.

Gorg. He has made a Taylors bill on't, torn't apeeces ere it be discharg'd; What shall I doe?

Inf. This is *Medias* brother torne in peeces,
And this the way where she with *Iason* flies,
Tom Colchos, come not neere 'em, see, looke,
That's an arme rent off.

Gorg. This?

Inf. And the hand beckens us
To cry out murder.

Gorg. Ile but hold it by the hand.

Inf. That's a leg o'th boy.

Gorg. This sir, a leg, it shall goe with me then.

Inf. There, there 'tis, head and yellow curled locks,
His eyes are full of teares, now they doe stare,
To see where all his other members lye.

Gorg. So I have all his quarters, Ile presently, sir, get poles for 'em, and hang 'em upon the Gates in their postures for you. *Exit.*

Inf. But she and *Iason* are both slipt, and *Argos* is
Sayling home to Greece, see how the waves

Doe toſſe the Veſſell, and the windes conſpire
To daſh it 'gainſt a Rocke, it rides upon
A watery mountaine, and is hid in clouds,
It cannot ſtay there, now, now, it tumbles,
Three fatham beneath Hell, let 'em goe,
Here comes the father of *Medea* now,
Calling in vaine unto the gods, and ſpies
His Sonnes limbes throwne about, in ſtead of flowers,
To his Daughters nuptials he does take 'em up,
He knowes the face, and now he teares his haire,
And raves, and cries *Medea*, poore old man,
Command a funerall pile for thy young Childe,
And lay the pretty limbes on, from whoſe aſhes
Shalt have another Sonne i'th ſhape of *Phœnix*.
Shall I? excellent! Prepare a fire
All of ſweet wood for my ſweet boy, a fire, a fire. *Exit.*

Actus tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Rufaldo.

Ruf. 'Tis now early day: fie, what a long night hath this beene? the Sunne went drunke to bed the laſt night, and could not ſee to riſe this morning: I could hardly winke, I am ſure, love kept me waking, and the expectation of this my wedding day did ſo caper in my braines, I thought of nothing but dancing the ſhaking of the ſheets with my ſweetheart. It is certaine, I am yong every body now tels mee, ſo it did appeare by *Selina's* conſenting ſo ſoone to love, for when I had but broke the Ice of my affection, ſhee fell over head and eares in love with me; was ever man ſo happy as I am? I doe feele, I doe feele my yeeres fall off, as the raine from a man that comes dropping in, I doe feele my ſelfe every day grow yonger and yonger ſtill, let mee ſee, an hundred yeeres hence, if I live to't, I ſhall bee new out of my teenes, and running into yeeres of diſcretion agen: Well, I will

now

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now to Master *Cornelius*, and bid 'em good morrow with a noyse of Musicians, and to see the very talking of Musicke, how my heart leapes and dances, at my wedding already! I have bespoke the Parson to marry us, and have promised a double fee for expedition. O now I am so proud of my Joy, my feet doe not know what ground they stand on.

Exit.

Enter Jenkin *and* Jocarello.

Ien. Ienkin has risen very early this mornings, and beene in studies and contemplations, to make ditties and verses upon her Mistris beauties and pulchritudes, but the Devil's sure in these Poetries, they call it Furies and Raptures, look you, but *Ienkins* pate is almost mad, and yet her cannot awle her inventions meete with these Furies and Raptures.

Enter Selina *in Shepheards weeds.*

Sel. Thus farre I have past without discovery: the morning is auspicious to my flight. *Selina*, what an alteration hath a day made in thee, that to prevent thy so desired marriage, thou art thus lost in a masculine habit, and dost flie him? thou didst so much love aged *Rufaldo*, in what a Lethargy wert thou falne, *Selina?*

Ien. Iocarello, does her nor name *Selina?* 'tis no very good manners to make interruptions, her will heare more, looke you.

Sel. Whither had reason so withdrawne it selfe?
I could not make distinction of a man,
From such a heape of age, aches and rheume:
Sure I was mad, and doth increase my fury,
To thinke with what a violence I ran
To imbrace such rottennesse. O my guilty soule
Doth feele the punishment of the injury
I did to *Infortunio* of late,
Of whom as I despaire, so shall the world,
Ever to know againe hapelesse *Selina*.
This is the morne the sacred Rites should tie
Me to *Rufaldo*, ripe in expectation,

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But like *Ixion* he shall graspe a Cloud,
My empty cloathes at home, *Selina* thus
Is turn'd a Shepheard, and will trie her fortune;
Hard by the Shepheards have their shady dwellings,
There let *Selina* end her hapleſſe dayes,
Father and all farewell. Thus as *Felice*
My other Sister, Ile weare out my life,
Farre from your knowledge: sacred love commands
Revenge and justice for my cruelty,
And reason now awak'd shall lead me to it,
Thus I am safe, I goe to finde out that,
Will meet mee every where, a just sad fate. *Exit.*

Ien. Pages, have her seene treames and apparitions? hark you, was *Selina* turn'd Shepheardesse, pray you?

Ioc. Either wee dreame, or this was *Selina*, your Mistris that is turn'd into breeches, and become a Shepheard; the case is altered.

Ien. What a tevill is in the matters and businesses, pray you? cases never was knowen such cases and alterations in awle her life, womans never weare preeches in Wales, 'tis not possible, we are awle in treames and visions, very treames and visions.

Ioc. Sure we are awle awak'd, sir, and it was *Selina*, did shee not say shee would obscure her selfe from her Fathers knowledge, and live among the Shepheards hard by?

Ien. It may be, but it is very impossible.

Enter Cornelio, Rufaldo, Antonio, Hilaria.

Cor. I am amaz'd, when was she seene?

Ant. Not to day, sir, I have searcht her Chamber, and almost turn'd it out ath' window, but no *Selina*.

Ruf. It is very strange, is not your man *Gorgon* come back?

Cor. What should this meane, it is a strange absence, ath' wedding day too.

Ruf. That angers me most, sir.

Cor. My heart misgives mee, some fatall accident upon my life, is hapned to her.

Enter

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Enter a Servant.

Ruf. Haſt thou happy newes?

Ser. I have travelled all the Towne o're, and can meet no intelligence of her.

Cor. Be dumbe, night-Raven, ſhe's loſt, ſhe's loſt,
The Fates ſure make conſpiracy to take
My Daughters from me: one I loſt becauſe
I would not give her, and I have repented
Full juſtice for it, and am I ſo unhappy
To loſe *Selina* too? but Ile not ſleepe,
Untill I finde her either alive or dead.
Rufaldo, you have intereſt in this ſorrow,
Joyne in the inquiſition. Oh my Girle *Selina*.

Exit.

Ruf. Have I beene yong for this? if I finde her not, I will run, I will run, I will run mad, mad. *Exit.*

Ant. No more, I know where her clothes be: if it take, applaud my invention: I have coozened my owne Father before now, and I will trie new concluſions, but I muſt have thy aſſiſtance and ſecrecie: if my Siſter have a conceit of mirth to put upon us, I may chance put her to prove her ſelfe *Selina*, or remove her with a *Habeas corpus*.

Exeunt Antonio, Hillaria.

Ien. Iocarelloes, awle is true, *Selina* is gone in Shepheards veſtiments to the woods and Forreſts, but her will make travels and ambulations after her: never was Sentilman ith' hole world love as *Ienkin* now, to make journeyes and peregrinations for a womans, looke you: but if her finde her, as know her very well, her will there make awle ſure works and performances, warrant you Pages, here is moneyes, pray you make proviſions of breads and victuals too, know vds are very bare places, and *Shenkin* was alwayes have cud ſtomacks and appetites, looke you, pray you, doe, pray you, doe.

Exeunt.

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COMPLEMENT-SCHOOLE.

Enter Gaſparo habited punctually, Maſter of the Schoole, and Gorgon his Uſher.

Gaſp. Bee the hangings up, *Curculio*, and all the Chaires and Stooles put into method? the day is old, mee thinkes, time runs faſt, me thinkes, upon the minute, brings my diſciples. Doe my bils of complement ſtill reliſh, *Curculio*, doe they pleaſe the pallat, ha?

Gorg. My moſt ingenious and noble Criticotaſter, bravely bils, pils you ſhould ſay, not fac'd, but lin'd, with gold they ſwallow 'em greedily, and ſtill flocke to 'em, and conglomerate my ſonne and heire of the Muſes: a proclamation is as quiet as the poore mans box, no man lookes after it, not a Balladmonger has any audience: but happy is the man that rides firſt poaſt to your papers and cries admirable: your old men looke upon 'em with their ſpectacles, as they would eye an obligation within a minute of forfeyture.

Gaſp. Thou haſt eaten up the furies already, and ſpeakeſt all buskins, but cloſe walke in the clouds, yet I have not heard of any Mountebanke of wit durſt ever attempt to ſet up ſhop ath' trade yet: but whiſt Uſher, take your place.

Enter Bubulcus.

Gorg. Foot 'tis *Bubulcus*.

Bub. This is the Complement-Schoole. *He dances.*

Gorg. Three cuts and a half, hey. I give you, ſir, generous ſalutation, and wiſh a faire morne deſcend upon you: thrice Noble Spirit, welcome, does your worſhip deſire to be ſprinkled with the drops of *Hellicon*, to gather the Pippins of *Parnaſſus*, and have your forehead fillited with *Apollineus* Bayes, or Laurell?

Bub. Troth, ſir, I doe not know how to conſter what you ſay, although I know it be Latine, ſir: the cauſe of my comming to you, is to let you underſtand, that here is a Complement-Schoole, and I have great deſire to bee taught ſome of your figaries, and brave words, I doe meane to pay for't

for't soundly too, sir: I thanke my starres, as they say, I have ready mony about me.

Gorg. You shall bee verberated, and reverberated, my exact peece of stolidity: please you draw neere, there is the starre of Eloquence, under whom I am an *Hypodidascall*, in English, his Usher.

Bub. A Gentleman Usher at least.

Gorg. Approach without feare: here is a Pupill, sir, desires to sucke the hony of your eloquence, hee is a Gentleman in *Folio*.

Gasp. Your accession is gratefull, my most gentile lump of insipience: what complement doth arride the pallate of your generositie?

Bub. What sayes he pray, in English?

Gorg. Hee askes what kinde of verbosity you would bee practis'd in? because, I perceive you are raw, I will descend to your capacity, hee askes what Complement you would learne?

Bub. Why looke you, sir, I would have two kindes of Complements: for, sir, I am in love, and I am in hate.

Gasp. How? in love, and hate too?

Bub. Yes, I am in love with a Wench, and would have a delicate speech for her, and I am in hate with a Gentleman, a yong Animall, and I would kill him now without danger of the Law: to tell you true, he did abuse me in the presence of my sweet-heart, and did (saving this good company) kisse my backside.

Gorg. How?

Bub. But it was with his foot, sir: now in regard I have not the heart to kill him with my sword, I would cut him in peeces, and murder him with mouth-guns: looke you, sir, here's money, please your selfe: but I pray you give mee a powdering speech, for I would blow him up: I beseech you, if ever you put gall into your Inke, make it a bitter speech.

Gasp. Sir, I will draw you a sublime speech shall conjure him.

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Bub. Pray doe, for he has a great ſpirit in him.

Gaſp. Uſher, in the meane time entertaine him with ſome copie of amarous complement.

Gorg. There is an Uſhers fee belongs to my place.

Bub. Here's gold for your fee, I received it for good fee ſimple, I am ſure.

Gorg. Simple, I am ſure: ſo, ſir, looke you, I ſhould teach you to make a leg firſt, but theſe poſtures anon.

Reſplendent Miſtris, for thy face doth farre
Excell all other, like a blazing Starre
We mortals wonder at, vouchſafe to caſt
Out of thoſe ſparkling Diamond eyes thou haſt,
A ſacred influence on thy vowed creature,
That is confounded with thy forme and feature.

Bub. Admirable!

Gorg. Goddeſſe of *Cyprus*.

Bub. Stay, I doe not like that word Cypres, for ſhee'le thinke I meane to make Hatbands on her, cannot you call her Taffata Goddeſſe, or if you goe to ſtuffe, cloth a Gold were richer.

Gorg. Oh ther's a conceit, *Cyprus* is the embleme of morning, and here by *Cyprus* you declare how much you pine and mourne after her, ſir.

Bub. Very good, pray you goe on.

Gorg. Goddeſſe of *Cyprus*, *Venus* is a ſlut.

Bub. Stay, who doe I call ſlut now? the Goddeſſe of *Cyprus*, *Venus*, or my Love?

Gorg. You doe tell the Goddeſſe, that *Venus* is a ſlut.

Bub. I doe ſo.

Gor. For thou art *Venus* faire, and ſhe is not.

Bub. How is ſhe *Venus* faire, when that I call her ſlut to her face?

Gorg. No ſir, your love is *Venus* faire, and ſhe is not:
That makes plaine the other, that ſhe is a ſlut.
O that I were a flea upon thy lip,
There would I ſucke for ever, and not skip.

Bub. Sucke?

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Gorg.

Gorg. That is, you would not bite her by the lip.
Or if thou think'ſt I there too high am plaſte,
Ile be content to ſucke below thy waſte.

Bub. Which ſide ſhe pleaſe.

Gorg. Thy foote I'de willing kiſſe, but that I know,
Thou wouldſt not have thy ſervant ſtoope ſo low.
She will give you leave to kiſſe higher.
Oh ſpeake thou, wilt be mine? and I will be
The trueſt Worme e're trod on ſhoo to thee.

Bub. Worme?

Gorg. By Worme you doe inſinuate and wriggle your ſelfe into your affection, and ſhe by ſhoo will conceive your deſire the length of her foote: how doe you like it, ſir?

Bub. I would not for forty pounds but I had come to complement: why, I ſhall bee able in a ſmall time to put downe a reaſonable Gentlewoman.

Gorg. Oh, any ordinary Lady, you muſt get it without Booke. Now to make your legs.

Bub. I have two made to my hands.

Gor. Oh, by no meanes, your legs are made to your feete.

Enter Delia.

Gaſp. Beauty and graces dwell upon the face
Of my diſciple *Delia.*

Del. Muſes inſpire you: what at ſtudy?

Gaſp. Negotiating a little with the Muſes.

Gorg. See me ſalute her.
As many happineſſes waite on *Delia,*
As beames ſhoot from the Sunne this pleaſant morne.

Del. As many thankes requite you, as that Sunne
Is old in minutes ſince the day begun.

Bub. What's ſhe, *Curculio?*

Gorg. Her Miſtreſſes beſt moveable, a Chamber-maide.

Bub. She is an early riſer: at Schoole ſo ſoone?

Gorg. She is an early riſer, and yet ſometime as ſoon down as up, ſhe cannot be quiet for the Servingmen, 'tis her houre betweene eight a clocke and her Miſtris riſing, to come to diſcipline.

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Bub. 'Tis a pretty smug Wench, is her name *Delia?* shee has a pretty name too.

Gorg. Oh, sir, all her credit is in her good name: it was *Diana's* the Goddesse of chastity, and therefore when shee marries, shee may cuckold her Husband by a privilege, for *Diana* gave hornes to *Acteon.*

Enter a Servingman.

Ser. Where's Master Criticotaster?

Gasp. Who's that?

Ser. Sir, my Master has sent you a little gold, hee desires you send him the speech hee should speake at Sessions in the Country, he's now riding downe.

Gasp. Sir *Valentine Wantbraine*, that has never a Clarke?

Ser. The same, Sir.

Gasp. Newly put into Commission for the peace, being puisne, it fals to him to give the charge. I have drawne it, let me see in *Comitatu, &c.* here, read it, *Curculio*, he may the better instruct his Master, a touch, a touch.

Gorg. Good men of the Jury for this Session, I will not implicate you with ambages and circumstances, I am unwilling to confound your little wits with affected divisions of my narration, into *quis, quid, quomodo*, and *quandoes:* I will neither utter by grosse, nor part my speech into a doozen of long points, knotted often in the middle, and vntag'd in the end; you are to present Malefactors, whereof you are the chiefe ——— Reformers, and seeing you stand ready for your charge, I will give fire to this great peece of service, and send you all off with a powder, that in any case we may goe to dinner betimes, &c.

Gasp. So, 'tis enough: beare my respects to your Master, tell him 'tis a speech will doe him credit, bid him learne it perfectly without Booke.

Gorg. And doe you heare, if he chance to bee at a *nonplus*, he may helpe himselfe with his beard and handkercher, or it will bee a good posture for his hand now and then to bee fumbling with his bandstrings. Farewell.

Exit Servant.

Enter

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Enter Mistris Medulla.

Gasp. Mistris *Medulla*, the Sunne of honour shine upon your hopes, till it sublime you to a Ladiship: I will attend you presently.

Med. Sirra, bid your fellow make ready the Caroch, and attend mee here about an houre hence, I will ride home.

Bub. What Gentlewoman is that?

Go. An old Country Gentlewoman, that hath buried her Husband lately, and comes up to be a Lady, for shee sweares she will not marry any more Gentlemen: shee is fallen out with a Justice of Peaces wife in the Country, and shee will have a Knight, though she pay for his Horse-hire, to spight her neighbours.

Gasp. A word with you, sir.

Bub. Your friend and Master *Bubulcus*. Ha you done, sir?

Gasp. The Cupidinæan fires burne in my breast,
And like the Oven *Etna*, I am full
Of Squibs and Crackers.

Bub. This will powder him.

Gorg. Lady, wounded by your beauty, I will acknowledge mercy if you kill me not, yet rather murther mee, than vulnerate still your creature, unlesse you meane to medicine where you have hurt, and I implore no better remedy than I may derive from the instrument wherewith you pierced me, like *Achilles* Speare; your eye having shot lightning into my breast, hath power with a smile to fetch out the consuming fire, and yet leave my heart inflam'd.

Del. Sir, although where I am not guilty of offence, I might deny justly, to descend to a satisfaction: yet rather then I would bee counted a murtherer, I would study to preserve so sweet a modell as your selfe; and since you desire my eye which enflamed you, should with the vertue of a gracious smile make you happy in your fire, it shall shine as you would have it, and disclaime that beame shall shine upon another object.

Gorg. So, very well, this is your cunning lesson.

Knocke within.

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Gasp. Some strangers, *Curculio.*

Gorg. Sir, the Country comes in upon us.

Enter an old man with his Sonne.

Old. Is not here a Complement-Schoole?

Gasp. A Schoole of generous education, sir.

Old. I have brought my Sonne to bee a Scholler, I doe meane to make him a Courtier, I have an offer of five or six Offices for my money, and I would have him first taught to speake.

Bub. He is a great childe, cannot he speake yet?

Gasp. In what kinde of Complement, please you, venerable Sir, to be edoctrinated? But we will withdraw.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Come, for another lesson, my brave *Mars*,
Now I am fit to quarrell with the Starres,
And catch at *Jove*.

Bub. What's hee?

Gorg. *Orlando Furioso.*

Gent. By the blood-staind fauchion of *Mauors* I will carbonado thee, keepe off, or in my fury I will cut thee into Atomes, and blow thee about the world.

Bub. I hope he does but complement.

Gent. I will out-labour *Iove*-borne *Hercules*,
And in a great fury ransack Hell:
Teare from the Sisters their contorted curles,
And wrack the Destinies on *Ixions* Wheele,
Braine *Proserpine* with *Sisiphs* rowling stone,
And in a brazen Caldron choakt with Lead,
Boyle *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Radamant*,
Throw *Pluto* headlong into mooriſh Fennes,
And sooty Regions.
Dam up *Cocitus* with tormented soule,
And batter downe the brazen gates of Hell,
Make the Infernall three-chapt Band-dog rore.
Cram *Tantalus* with Apples, lash the Fiends

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With

With Whips of Snakes, and poyſoned Scorpions,
Snatch chain'd *Prometheus* from the Vultures maw,
And feede him with her liver, make old *Charon*
Waft backe againe the ſoules, or buffet him
With his owne Oares to death.

Gorg. So, ſo, 'tis well, you ſhall take forth a new leſſon, ſit downe and breathe.

Bub. 'Twas a devilliſh good ſpeech.

Enter a Iuſtice of Peaces Clerke, Ingeniolo.

Ing. Oh, why did nature make thee faire and cruell?

Bub. What ſpruce fellow's this?

Gor. He is an hundred and fifty pounds a yard in *potentia*, a Yeomans ſonne, and Juſtice of Peaces Clarke, he is in love with a Farmers daughter, and thus hee ſpeakes his paſſion in blanke verſe.

Inge. Thou art ſome Goddeſſe, that to amaze the earth
With thy celeſtiall preſence, hath put on
The habit of a mortall, gods ſometimes
Would viſite Countrey houſes, and guild ore
A ſublunary habitation
With glory of their preſence, and make Heaven
Deſcend into an Hermitage: Sure thy father
Was *Maias* ſonne, diſguis'd in Shepheards weeds,
And thou doſt come from *Iove*, no marvell then
We Swaines doe wonder at thee, and adore,
Venus her ſelfe, the Queene of *Cytheron*,
When ſhe is riding through the milky way,
Drawne with white Doves, is but a blowze, and muſt,
When thou appeareſt, leave her Bird-drawne Coach,
And give the reines to thee, and trudge afoot
Along the Heavenly plaines, paved with ſtarres,
In duty of thy excellence, while the gods
Looking amaz'd from their criſtall windowes,
Wonder what new-come Deity doth call
Them to thy adoration.

Bub. O, heavenly Farmers daughter!

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Gor.

Gor. Ile call him in; *Ingenioso!*

Cle. Your servant, sir. Lady, I kisse your hand, and reverence the antiquity of your vestment, *Delia.* Fortune let fall her riches on thy head, that thou maist fill thy apron. I am your humble obsequicer, and wish you all cumulations of prosperity.

Bub. Sir, I desire to sucke below your waste.

Cle. I doe evaculate my selfe to be your shadowes, my generous condiscisples.

Gor. This is Scholler-like.

Bub. Hee's one of the head forme, I warrant.

Enter Gasparo, the old man and his sonne.

Gasp. Sir, I receive your sonne, and will winde up his ingenny, feare it not, but first he must be under my Usher, who must teach him the postures of his body, how to make legs and cringes, and then he shall be advanced to a higher Classe. *Cureulio*, licke him with your method into some proportion, take off the roughnesse of his behaviour, and then give him the principles of salutation.

Old. Law you there, boy, he will teach you the principles of salutation. Well, good-morrow, sir, Ile leave my Jewell.

Gor. Your Jewell may have the grace to bee hang'd one day.

Enter Jenkin. *Exit old man.*

Ien. Blesse you Sentlemen awle, and your studies and contemplations: is here a Schoole of Complements, pray you?

Gasp. A place of generous breeding.

Ien. Generous breeding, harke you, her name was *Jenkin*, a good Sentleman, 'tis knowne, her take no pleasures and delectations in urds and phrases of Rhetricks; Welsemen have awle hearts and fidelities, marke you, her was going along pout creat businesse, but casting her eyes and visions upon your Pils and significations of your skils & professions, looke you, her come in, to see the fashions and manners of your exercises, and yet if your urships has any Madrigals and Pastorall Canticles, looke you, for in truths and veri-

ties

cies was going now to the Uds and Forrests, and meane to turne Shepheards goddillings, her will give you good payments of awle your inventions, and Muses, pray you now.

Gasp. Amorous Pastorals? I can furnish you, venerable sir.

Turne, Amarillis, *to thy Swaine,*
Thy Damon *cals thee backe againe,*
Here is a pretty Arbor by,
Where Apollo *cannot pry,*
Here let's sit, and while I play
Sing to my pipe a Roundelay.

How like you it, sir?

Jen. Roundelayes very good, here is moneyes and considerations, looke you.

Gor. We acknowledge your bounty, my Tenth-worthy.

Gasp. So Mistris, I have trespass'd on your patience, now I will take occasion by the fore-locke. You can say your lecture: have you your hand-kercher ready, that when a Sutor comes, you may put him off with wiping your eyes, as if teares stood in 'em ever since your Husband was buried: well, suppose I have had accesse to your Chamber, I begin, Lady, thinke it not strange, if Love which is active in my bosome, force me to turne petitioner, that I may be reckoned amongst your servants; all my ambition, sweetest, is to be made happy in your affection, which I will study to deserve in my utmost possibilities.

Med. Alas, alas, I had a husband.

Gasp. Very well counterfeited, nay weepe not, those eyes were made to shine, not waste with dew: if it bee for the remembrance of him you have lost, recover him againe, by placing your good opinion on a man shall sweat to doe you services.

Med. It doth not, sir, become our modesty
To talke of love so soone, you will renew
My passion for his losse, and draw downe teares
Afresh upon his Hearse: you doe not well
T'oppresse a widdow thus, I pray, sir, leave me,
At least I will enjoyne you, if you stay,

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To ſpeake no more of love, it is unwelcome.
What, am I perfect?

Gaſp. So 'twas very well, at the next leſſon you ſhall learne to be more cunning.

Gor. Wilt pleaſe you heare the Novice?

Gaſp. Good boy, ſpeake out.

Offe. God ſave you, ſir, felicities bee accumulated upon you, ſir, I thanke you generous ſir, you oblige mee to bee your ſervant, ſir, in all my ——p——o——ſ—— poſſibility, ſir, I honour your remembrance, ſir, and ſhall be proud to doe you my obſervance, ſir, moſt noble ſir.

Gaſp. Very hopefull now: a repetition all together, the more, the merrier.

They all rehearſe at once.

Enter Infortunio.

Infor. What, at Barley-breake? which couple are in hell? are not you *Hellen*, whoſe inſatiate luſt ruin'd faire *Ilium*? and you ſir *Paris* with a golden noſe? harke you, *Rufaldo* is married to *Selina*.

Bub. Who? that's my father in Law.

Infor. How, your father? looke, hee has cloven feete I am glad I have found you, what are you in hell for?

Gaſp. Inſinuate to 'em all for their owne ſafeties, hee's deſperate mad, bid none ſtirre hence.

Infor. Hey, how came you all thus damn'd?

Ien. Damn'd, who's damn'd? is *Ienkin* damn'd?

Gaſp. I beſeech you, ſir, to maintaine the credit of my Schoole, I ſhall be undone elſe, humour him a little.

Ien. Will you have her be damn'd? when here you pray a Welſhman was damn'd? of all things in the urld, her cannot abide to be damn'd.

Gor. See if you can roare him away.

Gent. Keepe off, I am *Hercules*, ſonne of *Alcmena*, Compreſs'd by *Iove*, Ile carbonadō thee.

Infor. How, art thou *Hercules?* *Strikes him downe.*
Lie there, uſurper of *Alcides* name,
Bold Centaure: ſo he's dead, by this I prove

I am

I am *love* borne.

Ien. Well, for your credits and reputations, her care not to be damn'd for companies and fellowships, looke you, has hee knock'd him downe? would hee had knock'd *Jenkin* downe.

Infor. Now, on with your relations, and tell mee all the stories of your fortunes.
'Tis I am *Hercules*, sent to free you all.
What are you damn'd for? In this Club behold
All your releasements. What are you?

Gor. Stand in order and be damn'd.

Casp. I am the conscience of an Usurer,
Who have beene damn'd these two and twenty yeeres,
For lending mony *gratis*.

Infor. How, a Usurer? why didst not
Corrupt the Devill to fetch thy soule away?
Heele take a bribe for lending money *gratis*.

Gasp. Yes, sir, for thankes: I tooke no interest,
For at the lending of each hundred pound,
They brought me home some twenty or thirty thankes,
Indeed 'twas paid in gold.

Infor. Oh golden thankes! well, goe to, Ile release you,
Upon condition you shall build an Hospitall,
And die a begger. What are you?

Gor. The soule of a Watchman.

Infor. How came you damn'd? could not you watch the Devill?

Gorg. He tooke mee napping on Midsummer Eve, and I never dream't on him.

Infor. Your wife had given you Opium over night.

Cor. No sir, I had watch'd three nights before, and because I would not winke at two or three drunkards as they went reeling home at twelve a clocke at night, the Devill owed me a spight.

Infor. Well, you shall bee prentice to an Alcumist, and watch his Stills night by night, not sleepe till hee get the Philosophers-stone. What are you?

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Del. Sir, I am a Chamber-maid.

Infor. What are you damn'd for?

Del. Not for revealing my Mistris secrets, for I kept them better than mine owne, but keeping my maiden-head till it was stale, I am condemn'd to lead Apes in hell.

Infor. Alas, poore wench, upon condition you will bee wise hereafter, and not refuse Gentlemens proffers, learne pride every day, and painting, bestow a courtesie now and then upon the Apparitor to keepe counsell, I release you, take your Apes, and Monkies away with you, and bestow them on Gentlewomen, and Ladies, that want play-fellowes. What are you?

Cle. I am an Undersheriffe, sir, damn'd because I told the debtors, writs were out against 'em, brought 'em to composition without arrests, favoured poore men for a whole yeere together, was very good in my Office, gave up a just account at the yeeres end, and broke.

Infor. Oh, miracle! an honest man! thou shalt be Churchwarden to a Parish, draw the presentments, and keepe the poore mens box for seven yeeres together, 'tis pitty, but thou shouldest have fifty wives, to propagate honest generation. What are you?

Med. A Justices wife ith' Countrie, sir.

Infor. And who drew your *mittimus* hither? what are you damn'd for?

Med. For refusing Sattin gownes, and velvet petticots, turning backe Capons at Christmas, and Sessions times, and making much of one of my husbands servants, meerely for his honesty and good service towards me.

Infor. 'Tis injustice, you shall bury your Husband quickely, weare some blackes a while for fashions sake, and within a moneth be married to his Clarke, unlesse you will be divided among the Serving-men. What are you?

Old mans son. A younger brother, sir, borne at the latter end of the weeke, and waine of the Moone, put into the world to seeke my owne fortune, got a great estate of wealth by gaming and wenching, and so purchas'd unhappily

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pily this ſtate of damnation you ſee mee in.

Infor. Came you in't by purchaſe? then you doe not claime it by your fathers intereſt as an heire: well, I will eaſe you of the eſtate, becauſe it is litigious, and you ſhall make preſently a bargaine and ſale of it to a Scrivener, that ſhall buy it of you, and pay you both his eares downe upon the naile for it. What are you?

Bub. I am a Horſe-courſer.

Infor. And couldſt not thou out-ride the Devill?

Bub. I had not the grace to mend my pace, I was an honeſt Horſe-courſer, and ſuffered every foole to ride me, I knew not what belonged to horſe-play, let the world kicke at me, I never winc'd, all that I am damn'd for, is, that deſiring to thrive in the world, and to have good lucke to horſe-fleſh, I ambled to the bed of a Parſons wife that was coltiſh once, and gave her husband a Horſe for't in good faſhion, hee never gave me godamercy for't, indeed it prov'd afterwards to have the Yellowes.

Infor. There was ſome colour for't: well, ſince your occupation is foundred, you ſhall trot every day afoot, and walke a knave in the Horſe-faire. What are you?

Ien. Her have no minde at all to be damn'd, becar her will fight with her and kill awle the Devils in hell; diggon.

Gorg. Sfoot, heres more adoe to get one Welſhman damn'd, than a whole Nation. Sir, 'tis but in jeſt.

Ien. In jeſts, is it in jeſts? well, looke you, her will be contented to be damn'd in jeſts, and merriments for you.

Infor. You will tell me what you are damn'd for?

Ien. And her bee ſo hot, was get ſome bodyes elſe to bee damn'd for *Ienkin*, her will tell her in patiences, looke you, her was damn'd for her valour, and ridding the urld of Monſters, looke you, Dragons with ſeven heads, and Serpents with tayles a mile long, pray you.

Infor. Oh, let me embrace thee, worthy in my armes, Ile charme the Deſtinies for their bold attempt, for cutting off thy threed, thou ſhalt cut their throats, and be inſtald Lord in *Eliſium*. Oh, let me hug thee, *Owen Glandowr*.

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Ien. *Owen Glandower* was her couſin pray you.

Infor. Goe your wayes all: ſtay, take hence *Prometheus* and bury him, if you come into hell againe, there's no releaſement.

Ien. So, farewell Gentlemen, now her meane to make travels and peregrinations, to the uds and plaines, looke you, very faſt. Good ſpeed to awle. *Exit.*

Gorg. We thanke thee Joviall *Hercules.*

Gaſp. Live long thou King of hell. So, ſo, well done of all ſides, here our Schoole breakes up, I might have runne mad like, had I not taken off the edge of melancholy.

Thus poore Gentleman. O Love thou art a madneſſe,
Drawing our ſoules with joy, to kill with ſadneſſe.

Infor. So, ſo, poore ſoules, how glad they are of liberty. This is a hot houſe, I doe ſcorch and broyle: Ile ſeeke the Eliſian fields out, and dye there.

Actus quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Antonio dreſt in Selinaes apparell, with Hillaria.

Ant. Have I not done my part, wench, with confidence to proceed thus farre with thy father? either I am infinitely like my ſiſter, or they are all mad with credulity: but our good fathers are blinded with their paſſions, and that helps mee much: well, I doe but thinke upon the nights worke, there lyes my maſter-piece, I have it, 'tis for thy ſake *Hillaria*, I have aſſum'd this habit, the end will ſpeake it.

Hil. But what will you doe? *Antonio* is loſt now.

Ant. Well enough, is ſuppos'd to goe after *Selina*, and is not return'd yet, out of my brotherly love, they will imagine I have but taken a journey in queſt of a Siſter, time enough to returne agen, and hee goes farre, that never does wench by Story.

Enter

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Enter Bubulcus with his sword.

Heres *Bubulcus*.

Bub. Antonio is gone, no newes of him: I am glad of that, I hope he will come no more.

Ant. How now? what meanes this? what! sword drawne?

Hil. And he is whetting it.

Ant. For heavens sake, what's the matter?

Bub. Nay, nothing, nothing, I doe but ——a——

Hil. By my virginity you make mee afraid, what's the matter?

Ant. He meanes to fight with some body on my life.

Hil. Heaven defend it, good sir, tell me.

Bub. Bee not afraid, Gentlewomen, for I doe but you see.

Hil. But what?

Bub. Whet my long knife, some body shall smart for't, but——

Ant. He does meane to challenge some body.

Hil. I charge you, if you love, tell me who's your enemy.

Bub. Nay, no body, I doe not meane to fight, if I live.

Ant. What?

Bub. Nay, nothing, sweet Ladies, be not troubled, I doe but sharpen my sword.

Hil. Tell me the truth, why?

Bub. I was eating Oysters tother day, and I had never a knife, and so——

Ant. Come, come, there is some other matter in't, pray tell me.

Bub. Well, you are my friends, if you chance to heare of any mans death shortly, then say *Bubulcus*.

Hil. I hope you doe not meane to kill any man i'th field, you doe make me tremble, Ile assure you.

Bub. No, no, sweet-heart, do not tremble, I will but—— *He makes a thrust.*

Lose my honour? Ile be carv'd first.

Ant, What a Capon's this? pray let me perswade you.

Hil. And me.

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Bub

Bub. No, no, 'tis but in vaine to perſwade me, I'm reſolv'd, if you love me, doe not uſe any arguments:
The Cupidinæan fires burne in my breſt,
And like the Oven *Etna* I am full
Of ſquibs and crackers. I had almoſt forgot ——

Hil. The Oven *Etna*, Ile bee baked then: what a fury are you in? he lookes like the god of Warre.

Bub. The god of Warre? I thinke I have reaſon. *Hillaria*, I muſt, and I will, and all the world ſhall not hold me.

Hil. But you ſhall not goe away thus, till you be calmer.

Bub. O that I were a flea vpon his lip,
There would I ſucke for ever, and not skip.
I will carbonado him, his face doth farre
Excell all other like a blazing ſtarre
We mortals wonder at. Vouchſafe to caſt
Off the ſparkling diamond eyes thou haſt:
O let me goe on, me thy vowed creature,
That is confounded with thy forme and feature.

Ant. Is the foole mad?

Hil. He has ſomething in his head, and it were out: but here comes our Fathers.

Enter Cornelio, Raſfaldo.

Cor. *Antonio* not heard of yet?

Raſ. This morning we wanted a Bride too, but ſhee was found, mary I cryed for her firſt. Father, come, my Brother *Antonio* is but gone to looke his Siſter: ha, my ſweet Wench, when ſhal's to bed?

Enter Gorgon.

Cor. I hope 'tis ſo, and yet he ſtaies too long. Here's *Gorgon*: Sirra, where have you beene all this day?

Gorg. Indeed, ſir, I have made inquiſition, both my tongue and my feet have walked, but my Miſtris is not to be found or heard of, Ile aſſure you.

Raſ. *Gorgon*, haſt loſt thy ſenſes? here's *Selina*.

Gorg. Miſtris, then we are all made. —— *He capers.*

Cor. But ſirra, your Maſter *Antonio's* gone.

Gorg. Gone in wine, ſir, for joy of his ſiſters finding agen.

Cor.

Cor. Goe your wayes, firra, and either bring me newes of him, or looke mee in the face no more, you'l finde wee jeſt not.

Gorg. Pray', ſir, let mee take my journey in the morning, the wedding night is fatall: I hope your worſhip does but jeſt, I may bee drunke to night, and wake early enough to bee gone afore day too, I beſeech you ſir.

Ant. Pray', ſir, let him ſtay to night.

Gorg. By this hand there he is, where? did not I heare his voyce?

Cor. Away firra.

Gorg. I have beene mad all this while, and now am like to be my owne man againe: ſince there is no remedy, Gentiles all, good night.

Gorgon begins to be a wandring knight. *Exit.*

Cor. I cannot bee heartily merry: well, let's leave theſe two without any more ceremonies, 'tis late, all joyes be multiplied on my Sonne and Daughter: good night, I doe comfort my ſelfe with hope of *Antonio's* returne, and yet feares are great. *Exit.*

Ruf. Lights there: ſo, ſo, welcome thou much expected night, I doe ſalute thy blacke browes: come my *Selina*, thalt finde I have yong blood: *Hillaria*, doe ſervice to your Mother, make her unready.

Ant. 'Tis time enough.

Ruf. And why ſhould wee loſe any? I pray thee let her come. I know 'tis your Virgin modeſty, loth to part with a Maidenhead, but it muſt off: come, prethee bee not idle: why, thou knoweſt I married thee, *Selina*, as thou loveſt me——

Ant. Sir, by that love I muſt entreat you one thing.

Ruf. Any thing, ſweet-heart.

Ant. To ratifie an ancient vow I made.

Ruf. Any vowes, what is't?

Ant. I vowed when ever I married, my Husband ſhould not lie with me the firſt night.

Ruf. Should any body elſe?

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Ant. Not any man.

Ruf. Come, 'twas a fooliſh vow, and muſt bee broke. Not lie with me the firſt night? 'twere a ſinne beyond incontinency. I had rather loſe halfe my eſtate, than miſſe thee but an houre out of mine armes this night.

Ant. 'Tis but one night.

Ruf. Oh, 'tis an age, a world of time to me: why I have fed of Oiſter-pies, and rumps of Sparrows a whole moneth, in expectation of the firſt night, and leave it for a vow?

Ant. Indeed you muſt.

Ruf. How? muſt? come, I know you doe but jeſt, this is but your device to whet me on, and heighten mee, as if old age at once hath ſoakt up all my marrow. Harke you, how old doe you thinke I am?

Ant. Some threeſcore and ſeventeene.

Ruf. Out upon thy judgement: why I am not above (by all computation,) ſix or ſeven and thirty: I am reſtor'd, renewd, when firſt I lov'd thee, by this hand I was.

Ant. I ſee then you would tire mee, by this beard you muſt not lie with me to night.

Ruf. How? nay then I ſee you'l try my ſtrength: thus I could force you.

Antonio throwes him downe.

She has throwne me downe, I know not how to take it, nor well how to beare it, my bones ake, a pox a *Gaſpero*, a my conſcience I am an old foole: ha? I will ſee more, and ſet a good face on't, you know who I am?

Ant. Yes, old *Rufaldo*.

Ruf. Ha, old? 'tis ſo, my ſpirits faint agen: what did you marry for?

Ant. To make an aſſe of you.

Ruf. How?

Ant. Thou credulous foole,
Didſt thou imagine I ſhould ever love thee,
Or lie with thee? but when I have a childe
Would ſhame the father: Oh the power of dotage,
That like an inundation doth o'recome

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The

The little world of man, drowne all his reaſon,
And leave him ſpoild, even of his common ſenſe.
Didſt thinke I was a peece of ſtone ſawne out
By Carvers art, ſo cold, ſo out of ſoule,
So empty of all fire to warme my blood,
I'de lie with thee, worſe than the frigid Zone,
Or Iſicles that hang on beard of winter?
Have I with wearied patience lookt to ſee,
When thou'dſt lay violent hands upon thy ſelfe;
For being ſo mad, ſo impudent to love mé,
And wouldſt thou bed me too? didſt thou not tremble
To dare the holy Rites and nuptiall Tapers?
Oh impious ſacrilege! hence, goe waſte
Thy ſelfe with ſorrow, pine that halfe-ſtaru'd body,
Untill thy bones breake thy skinne, and fall
To duſt before thy face: nay, you ſhall endure me:
For ſince y'ave tyed me to you, I will be
Thy conſtant Fury, worſe than Hags or Night-mare,
If thou doſt talke of Love, or ſeeke to be
At reconcilement.

Ruf. *Selina*, ſweet *Selina*, heare me.

Ant. Sweet? Oh villanous preſumption!

Ruf. What will you doe?

Ant. Save a diſeaſe, a labour, make an end of you, come firra, ſweare to obſerve what I ſhall impoſe upon you.

Ruf. Oh, any thing, bitter *Selina*.

Ant. Firſt, you ſhall never ſollicite me to lye with you.

Ruf. Never by this hand, and thanke you too.

Ant. Stand bare in my preſence.

Ruf. Starke-naked.

Ant. Runne of my arrands.

Ruf. To the worlds end.

Ant. And keep a whore under my noſe, nay, I will allow it.

Ruf. If you will have it ſo, I am content.

Ant. Sweare, firra.

Ruf. Fleſh, and blood, I doe ſweare.

Ant. So, riſe. In hope of your conformity, I forbeare to let

the punishment bee equall with your deserts.

Ruf. Oh, I have married a Devill, I shall bee utterly disgraced, if this bee knowne: Pray sweet wife, let mee begge one request of you, that you would not discredit mee, I will bee content to endure your pleasure, doe not forsake my house, I beseech you that you would lye with my daughter.

Ant. Shall you appoint my lodging?

Ruf. Oh no, I doe but humbly intreat you will bee pleased to lie with my daughter.

Ant. Well, since you submit so respectively, I will tender your credit in that point upon your good behaviour, are you not well?

Ruf. I am the worse for you by forty markes. One thing more, vertuous wife, that you would not tell your father, nor any body else, how you have beaten mee: Goodnight, sweet vertuous wife. *Exit.*

Ant. Ha, ha, *Hillaria*, my way to thee is free,
I have beat my passage, and I come to thee.

Enter Felice like a Shepheardesse, Selina, Shepheards.

Sel. I had thought the woods and such wilde groves as
Had beene the house of rapine, and could not (these,
Afford humanity; beasts, and men like them,
Are wont to make such places desolate:
Did Nature make you thus at first, and are
We that have Cities, house and Civill Lawes,
More rude than you? or hath all vertue chose
You as divine earth to dwell upon?
Shepheardesse, indeed I am in love
With your wilde kingdome here, and would not be
A King abroad, if I might be a subject
With such faire Nymphs as you.

1. *Shep.* Oh soone, you would say so,
When our pleasures all you know:
We are not oppresst with care,
With which you in Cities are,

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A Shep-

A Shepheard is a King, whose Throne
Is a mossie Mountaine, on
Whose top we sit, our crooke in hand,
Like a Scepter of command,
Our subjects sheepe grazing below,
Wanton frisking to and fro.
Fel. We nothing feare, awake nor sleepe,
But the Woolfe goddild our sheepe,
On a countrey quill each playes
Madrigals, and pretty layes
Of passions, and the force of love,
And with Ditties heaven move.
Birds will listen to our song,
And to leavy arbours throng,
To learne our notes, and Mistris name,
Vallies eccboing with the same.
2. *Shep.* When we hunt, as there is store
Of Deere, the trembling Hare, and Bore,
You would thinke that you had seene
Gods in Shepheards weeds agen.
A hundred pretty Nymphs apace
Tripping ore the lands, and chase,
As many lads, the gentle aire
Playing with their dangling haire.
Fel. Sometimes we dance a Fairy round,
Hand in hand upon the ground,
Shepheards piping, Garlands crowning,
With our harmelesse bosomes drowning.
1. *Shep.* Walke unto the silver brooke,
You shall need no other hooke,
To catch the dancing fish withall,
But a song or Madrigall.
Fel. When the clouds let fall their showres,
We have at hand a hundred bowres,
Where under Sweet-bryer, safe are we,
And honey-dropping Woodbind tree,
Here in spight of stormes we tell

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Stories of love, of *Philomell*,
Of *Paris*, and the Golden ball,
Of *Eccho*, and *Narcissus* fall.

3. *Shep.* Here no false-love brings despaire,
Jealousie, or suspition, care,
Alwayes happy most of all
On *Silvanus* festivall.

Sel. No more, good Shepheards, you undoe a boy
With the opinion of his happinesse:
If a few Jewels I have brought with me,
May finde acceptance here, I shall bestow them
As freely as your loves have falne on me.
Nay then, Ile force 'em on you, I have left
To purchase a Flock with you.

1. *Shep.* We thanke you, gentle boy, gooden,
We must to our flockes agen.

Sel. But Shepheardesse, or sister if thou wilt,
Oh would thou wert, I pree thee call me brother,
Hath Love a part among you, tell me pray,
What punishment inflict you on false love?
But sure you are exempt from such
A misery: what then
Is her reward, that out of peevishnesse
Contemnes the honest passion of her Lover,
Insults upon his vertue, and doth place
Unworthily her affection?

Fel. Though such a woman need no curse,
Being one her selfe, or worse,
Yet we Shepheards use to say,
May she love another day,
And not be lov'd, die in despaire,
And have no other Tombe but aire.

Enter Infortunio distracted.

Infor. A prey, a prey!
Where did you get that face?
That goddesse face? it was *Selina's* once:

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How

How came you by it? did ſhe on her death-bed
Bequeath her beauty as a legacy,
Not willing it ſhould die, but live and be
A laſting death to *Infortunio?*
Oh ſhe was cruell, not to bury it with her!
But I am a foole, 'tis *Venus* and her Sonne,
Where be your bow and arrowes, little *Cupid?*
Didſt thou malicioufly ſpend all thy Quiver
Upon my heart, and not reſerve one ſhaft
To make *Selina* love me? Tell me, *Venus*,
Why did you uſe me ſo? you ſhall no more
Be Queene of love. Stay, ſtay, *Cupid* was blind,
How comes he now to ſee? yes, he did ſee,
He never could have wounded me ſo right elſe.
Why then let Fortune have her eyes agen,
And all things ſee how wretched I am made.

Sel. Oh, is there not within the power of Art,
How to reſtore this Gentleman?

Fel. There is, and out of that experience we
Have in theſe woods, of ſimples, I doubt not,
But to apply a remedy.

Sel. He will be worthy of your care herein,
And ſhould he (be which I cannot imagine)
Ingratefull to your skill, I would reward it,
And call you mother, or my ſiſter for it.

Fel. It ſeemes you have ſome relation to him.

Sel. Indeed he is the deareſt friend I had:
And if my blood were powerfull to reſtore him,
Ide ſpend it like a prodigall. I know *Selina.*

Inf. Ha, doe you know *Selina?* ſhe's married to *Ruſaldo*, the old Uſurer, that went to bed afore to his money, and begat forty ith' hundred: now he beds *Selina*,
And layes his rude hand o're her ſacred breſt,
Embraceth her faire body, now he dares
Kiſſe her, and ſuck Ambroſia from her lip.
Thoſe eyes that grace the day, now ſhine on him,
He her *Endimion*, ſhe his ſilver Moone,

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The

The tongue that's able to rocke Heaven asleepe,
And make the musicke of the Spheres stand still,
To listen to the happier aires it makes,
And mend their tunes by it: that voice is now
Devoted to his eares, those cheekes, those hands,
Would make gods proud to touch, are by his touch
Profaned every houre: oh, this makes me mad,
But I will fit 'em for it, for ile die,
It may be then she'le weepe, and let fall teares
Upon my grave-stone, which shall be of marble,
And hard like her, that if she powre out floods,
No drops shall sinke thorow it to soften me,
I will be wrapt in Lead to keepe out praiers,
For then I know, shee'le beg I would be friends:
But then I will be just, and hate her love,
As she did mine, and laugh to see her grieve.

Sel. Come, I will fecth *Selina* to you, if you will sleepe.

Inf. Will you then? I will live, and you shal be my best boy.
Come, I scorne to weepe, or shead another teare,
Sit downe, Ile have a Garland for my boy,
Of Phœnix feathers: Flowers are too meane
To sit upon thy temples; in thy face
Are many Gardens, Spring had never such:
The Roses and the Lillies of thy cheekes
Are slips of Paradise, not to be gathered,
But wondred at.

Sel. But you said you would sleepe, when slept you last?

Inf. I remember before I lov'd, but that I know not when I slept soundly, and dreamt of gathering nosegayes.
'Tis unlucky to dreame of herbs and flowers.

Fel. For *Selina's* sake Ile try my best skill on him,
Get him to sleepe, your presence I see is powerfull, yonder's a pleasant Arbour, procure him thither while I prepare the herbs, whose precious juyce may with Heavens blessing make him well againe.

Sel. A thousand blessings on you; Come, sir, goe with me, and when you have slept, Ile fetch *Selina* to you.

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Inf.

Inf. Prethee doe, I am very drowzy: come, Ile dreame of something, my eyes are going to bed, and leaden sleepe doth draw the curtaines o're them.

Sel. Will you goe with me?

Inf. Yes, and we will picke a dish of Strawberies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ienkin, having lost his way.

Ien. Has almost lost her selfe in these woods and wildernesses, was very weary of these journeyes and travels in foot-backes: have not since her commings beheld any reasonable creatures: blesse us awle, *Iocarello* is lost too, cannot tell where, in these mazes and labyrinths. *Iocarello*, so ho.

Eccho. So ho.

Ien. Ha, theres some bodies, yet, harke you tere, here is a sentilman of Wales, looke you, desires very much to have speeches and confabulations with you: where is her?

Eccho. Here is her.

Ien. Here is her? knaw not which wayes to come to her: pray you tell *Ienkin* where you be?

Eccho. Boobie.

Ien. Poobies? was her call her poobies? 'tis very saucy travels, her will teach her better manners and moralities, if her get her in reaches and circumferences of her Walsh blades truely.

Eccho. You lie.

Ien. How, lies and poobies too? harke you, *Ienkin* was give you mawles and knockes for your poobies, and lies, and indignities, looke for your pates now.

Exit with his sword drawne.

Enter againe.

Here is no bodies but bushes and bryers, looke you, awle is very quiet: so ho, ho.

Eccho. So ho, ho.

Ien. Her am very much deceiv'd, now it comes into our mindes, if these voyces be not Ecchoes, *Eccho.*

Ecc. Eccho.

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Jen. 'Tis very true, but her marvell much, have her Ecchoes in these Countries pray you?

Ecc. Yes pray you.

Jen. VVarrant her 'tis a welsh Eccho, was follow *Ienkin* in loves out of VVales.

Ecc. Out of VVales.

Jen. 'Tis very true, bleſſe us awle now, her call to remembrances and memories, her had communications and talkings with this very Ecchoes in Clamorgan-ſhire, in de vallies and Talles there looke you, her am very glad her hath met with Ecchoes, was borne in her owne Countreyes, harke you, *Ienkin* was travell hither out of loves and affections to *Selina*.

Ecc. Nay.

Jen. Nay, yes very true, pray you tell her, bee *Selina* in theſe woods, or no?

Ecc. No.

Ien. No, where is her den, have her taken awle theſe labours and ambulations in vanities? ſay you, ſhall *Ienkin* then goe backe as he came?

Ecc. Aſſe he came.

Ien. Gone? it is not poſſible, hit may bee *Selina* was turne ſpirits and be inviſible rather, ſhe is not gone verily.

Ecc. There you lie.

Ien. Lie, very well, you have priviledges to give lies and awle things in the world, but her will not leave theſe woods for awle dat, her will be Pilgrims all tayes of her lifes, ere her goe without her.

Ecc. Goe without her.

Ien. How, not love *Ienkin*? then there is a Devill in awle female ſexes: know very well ſhe promiſe loves and good wills in times, great while agoe, pray you now, her will talk no longer with you. Fare you well Eccho, pray if you meet her Pages, bid her make haſts and expeditions after her. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Ecc. Fare you well.

Enter

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Enter Gorgon.

Gorg. I thinke *Iupiter* has snatch'd up my Master *Antonio*, to make a *Ganimede* on him, hee is not to bee found yet, I have search't all the Tavernes ith towne, I am sure, and that method my nose led me to, hoping he had beene a good fellow, but, *non est inventus*, well, my stocke is spent, but with this terrible face, a buffe Jerkin, and a roaring basket hilt, *Gorgon* will have a tricke of wit to beare his owne charges: but here comes a Gentleman, to my postures now.

Enter Gaspare.

Gasp. I am resolv'd.

Gorg. Good your worship bestow a small peece of silver upon a poore souldier, new-come out of the Low-Countries, that have beene in many hot services against the Spaniard, the French, and great Turke. I have beene shot seven times thorow the body, my eyes blowne up with gun-powder, halfe my skull feared off with a Canon, and had my throat cut twice in the open field: good your worship take compassion upon the caterwaking fortunes of a forlorne Gentleman, that have lost the use of my veines: good your generous nature take compassion upon mee, I have but foure fingers and a thumbe upon one hand: can worke, and woonnot: one small peece of gratefull silver, to pay for my lodging, I beseech you venerable sir.

Gasp. Canst not see?

Gorg. Onely a little glimmering, sir, the beames of your gentility have radiated, and infused light into my poore lanternes, sir.

Gasp. Can you feele then?

Gorg. Oh, sir, that faculty alone, fortune and nature have left inviolated.

Gasp. Heres somewhat for thee.
What, can you see now?

He kickes him, and Gorgon opens his eyes.

Gorg. *Gaspare*, is it you? Pox on your benevolence.

Gasp. VVhence came this project of wit?

Gor. From the old predicament. Faith, neceſſity that has no Law, put mee into this habit: my Maſter is turn'd coward, and ran away from me.

Gaſp. And thou art turn'd Souldier, to fight with him when you meet agen: then thou wanteſt a Maſter? harke ſirra, what ſayeſt thou to another project?

Gorg. Oh, I could caper for't.

Gaſp. I am now leaving the world, and going into the Countrie, woot turne Gipſie, or Shepheard? I am for the woods, canſt Madrigals yet?

Gorg. *Phillis faire, doe not diſdaine*
The love of Coridon thy Swaine.

Gaſp. Excellent! weele turne Shepheards preſently, thou ſhalt bee *Phillis*, and Ile be *Coridon*: let mee alone to provide Ruffets, Crooke, and Tarbox: they ſay there's good hoſpitality in the Woods, and ſongs and paſtimes upon *Silvanus* day.

Gorg. But that were pretty, ſhall I be a woman?

Gaſp. By any meanes, thou haſt a good face already, a little fimpering will doe it, Ile accommodate thee early, keep thy owne counſell, and Ile warrant thee for a Maid-marrian.

Gorg. Foote! ſhall I runne into my coates agen? goe to, put mee into what ſhape you will, Ile play my part: mee thinkes I doe feele an hundred rurall animals taking up my petticoat already. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio, Bubulcus, and Hillaria.

Ant. Pray' forward with your relation.

Bub. As I was ſaying, having challenged *Antonio* for the affront he did me before *Hillaria*, here by heaven, you muſt ſay nothing.

Hil. Not a ſyllable.

Bub. Hee did accept the challenge, and the weapons were ſoone agreed upon, and we met: but not a word of fighting, if you love me.

Ant. You are not come to fighting yet your ſelfe, but by the way, what were your weapons?

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Bub. A

Bub. A long ſword.

Ant. 'Twas long ere you could remember it, me thinkes.

Bub. Soon as we came into the place appointed, we looked about, and ſaw all cleere.

Hil. As cleere as day on your ſide.

Bub. We drew, but not a word of fighting, by this hand.

Ant. Not by that hand.

Bub. We threw our dublets off, to ſhew wee had no coat of maile, or privie ſhirt upon us, againſt the lawes of duelling, in fine, I bid him ſay his prayers.

Ant. 'Twas well thought upon, and what did you?

Bub. I let 'em alone, for I knew I ſhould kill him, and have time enough to ſay 'em afterwards at my leaſure.

Hil. When he had prayed, what then?

Bub. When he had ſaid his prayers, hee thought upon it, and let fall words tending to reconcilement: a my conſcience, hee would have asked mee forgiveneſſe, but I ſtood upon my honour, and would fight with him, and ſo wee ſtood upon our guard: but not a word of fighting, if you love me.

Ant. Oh, by no meanes, but when did you fight?

Bub. Ile tell you, *Antonio* when he ſaw no remedy, but that I would needs fight with him, and ſo conſequently kill him, made a deſperate blow at my head, which I warded with my dagger, better than hee looked for, and in returne, I cut off his left hand, whereat amazed and fainting, I nimbly ſeconded it, as you know I am very nimble, and run my rapier into his right thigh, two yards.

Hil. Then you were on both ſides of him?

Ant. Your rapier, did you not ſay your weapons were long ſwords?

Bub. But mine was both a ſword and rapier, there's it, but not a word of fighting, as you love mee: well, not to weary you with the narration of the innumerable wounds I gave him, I cut off every joynt from his toe upwards, to his middle, by theſe hilts, now you may beleeve mee, there ended *Antonio* my rivall, judge, judge, now, whether *Bubulcus*

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be valiant or not, but not a word of fighting, as you love me, let it dye, *Exit.*

Ant. 'Twas very valiantly done.

Hil. Harke you, Sweet-heart, doe you not remember who this is, that you have discovered this busineſſe to? this is *Selina* his owne ſiſter.

Bub. What a rogue was I, not to remember that?

Hil. Doe not you know that ſhee is my mother in Law? nay, nay, plucke up a good heart, what will you doe? theres no running away.

Bub. Have you never an empty cheſt?

Hil. What, to hide your ſelfe? that I know you would not doe for your credit: draw your ſword, and ſtand upon your guard, wee know you are valiant, that could kill *Antonio* ſo bravely.

Bub. Hillaria, if ever you lov'd mee, oh, I have made a faire peece of worke, would you not tell me it was his ſiſter? Oh, here they come.

He runs behinde Hillaria.

Enter Antonio, Rufaldo, and Officers.

Ant. He hath confeſt it, ſir, your Daughter heard it, ſir, I charge you lay hands apon that murtherer, hee hath ſlaine my brother *Antonio*.

Ruf. Did you heare him confeſſe it?

Bub. Heres right, confeſſe and be hang'd now.

Hil. I muſt confeſſe I did.

Ruf. Bubulcus kill *Antonio?*

Bub. By this hand I doe not know how to deny it for my credit.

Ruf. Nay then lay hands on him.

Bub. Yes Father, *Rufaldo*. *Selina*, Oh, a plague of all coxcombes, what a rogue was I?

Ant. I will have Juſtice, away with him.

Bub. I am a lying raſcall by this hand.

Ant. VVee muſt require *Antonio* from you, ſir, or your blood anſwer his. Away with him, *Hillaria*.

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Bub.

Bub. Ile bee hang'd then, Father. *Hillaria*, will you see me hang'd?

Ruf. There is no remedy: would thou hadst kild his sister; I am plagued with her, and dare not speake it for shame, Ile doe what I can to get a Reprieve for you; nay, and you kill folkes, you must eene take your fortune.

Bub. A curse of all ill fortune, I kild no body.

Ant. Away, I say, out villaine, hence, for I
Doe heare my brothers blood for justice cry. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Infortunio, Selina, and Felice.

Infor. I doe not know this place, nor who you are,
Nor know I yet my selfe.

Sil. Infortunio?

Infor. That name I once did answer to, but then
I was not banisht to a wildernesse,
Nor slept on such a bed. Oh, if I be
He, whom you call *Infortunio*,
Tell me how I came hither, dost thou weepe?
I prethee tell me, boy, why doe those teares
Drowne thy faire cheekes? but that they will not shew
Manly in me, I'de force my eyes to weepe too,
And we would sit upon a banke, and play
Drop-teare, till one were bank-rout. You amaze me:
I aske how I came hither? answer me
With other language, if you doe not meane
I came by water, which you might expresse too
In words as well, nay, better, for you now
Are cruell to your selves, and murder me:
Tell me, or I shall be mad.

Sel. Oh, stay: that brought *Infortunio* hither,
You have now told your selfe, distraction brought you.

Infor.

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Infor. Ha distraction? now you increase em, wonder:
Was I mad, or doe not you by answering,
Study to make me so? why should I be mad,
Or being so, how came I well againe?
For if I dreame not, I am well and calme.
Sel. You owe this Shepheardesse for your restore,
Whose skill heaven made so happy.
Infor. Did you, faire Shepheardesse, restore me then,
And by your Art recover natures losse?
All my well-being's yours: but yet if you
Could so Physician-like cure the disease
Which is but the effect of some distemper,
You then should know the cause: for else you are
Uncertaine in your applications.
Pray tell mee then, why was I mad?
Sel. This lad can tell you that, better than I,
But if his sorrow will not let his tongue
Deliver it, Ile tell you sir; you were in love.
Infor. With whom, I pray?
Fel. One whom they call *Selina*.
Infor. Ha, *Selina?* in what a depth of blacke forgetfulnesse
Is *Infortunio* fallen into? *Selina*,
Could I forget *Selina?* oh Shepheardesse,
I was not mad till now: for can I be
My selfe, and forget her? oh, in this question
I am undone: for I doe hold my selfe
And all my understanding by her name,
I am a begger, she hath purchas'd all,
Nor am I master of one thought of comfort
I borrow not from her: what curse was falne
Upon my memory, to forget *Selina?*
Sel. Sir, you remember her too well, unlesse
She would deserve it better.
Infor. It is not in her power to deserve, boy,
For she is now beholding for her selfe
Unto another. Oh, this teares my soule,
You did not well to release me f my furies,

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And

And make me ſenſible againe of that
Was my firſt corroſive, it was unfriendly:
Oh, twas a happineſſe to be mad, ſtarke mad,
For ſhe being loſt, what have I elſe to loſe?
I was all hers, I gave my ſelfe away:
And deeds of gift ſhould hold.

Sel. Why ſhould you be ſo paſſionate? let once reaſon ſo late recovered, teach you love your ſelfe, reſerv'd for nobler fortune.

Infor. It is true, I am a very foole in doing ſo,
And will you be a Miſtris then, and teach me
How to forget my ſelfe? what ſaiſt boy?
Shall I be Shepheard too? I will live here
And have thy company, thou art like my Love,
Shall we Shepheardeſſe?

Fel. With all my heart.

Infor. Come let's ſit downe a while, nature hath ſpred
Her Carpets for us here, this is the loweſt,
And yet 'tis higher than a Palace: pray
Teach me your Shepheards life, now I doe long
To be a wood-man too, and you ſhall doe
A double cure upon me.

Enter Gaſpare and Gorgon diſguiſed.

Gaſp. Stay, yonder are ſome Shepheards, lets on this bank ſit downe and prattle. And how long is't, ſince your Sweet-heart forſooke you?

Gorg. It will be a quarter of a yeere next graſſe.

Gaſp. Alas, poore *Mopſa*, but come, put him out of thy minde, ſing him away.

Gorg. Laugh, and ſing him to his grave, ſhall I?

Gaſp. And never love him more.

Gorg. Oh no, his love like a canker hath eat ſuch a great hole into my heart, I cannot forget him, but Ile ſing a ſong of him. *Gorgon ſings a ſong, all this while.*

Gaſp. Prethee doe. *Gaſpar eyes Felice.*

Infor. Heres innocence of all ſides, who would live
Out of this Common-wealth, where honeſt Swaines

Are Lords and ſubjects? Here is no acquaintance
With craft and falſhood, all their ſoules are clad
In true ſimplicity: I will take a truce
With care a while to talke with this poore wench.
Mopſa I heard you nam'd, pray tell me,
Were you in love?

Gorg. Yes forſooth.

Infor. With whom, forſooth?

Gorg. With a Gentleman that has prov'd unkinde, forſooth, broken his vowes, and oathes, forſooth, hee made much of me, time was, before his father dyed, forſooth, who was a good Yeoman, then he kiſt mee, forſooth, and coll'd ſurreverence, but now hee ſcornes *Mopſa*: I was his equall once, and have danced with him upon our Church greene in a Morris ere now.

Infor. Alas, alas, has forſaken thee?

Gorg. He is now about to commit makrimoniall buſineſſe with a young girle I wiſſe.

Gaſp. 'Tis ſhe. Ile have a tricke to know it.
Bleſſings on you Shepheardeſſe,
Yet by this hand, you are no leſſe,
You were in love with a faire man,
Croſt by a father, began
This Shepheards life, and ruſſet weed,
Is it not the truth, I reed? ha, ha.

Fel. Sir, are you a Fortune-teller?

Gaſp. No, I am foole, and yet I know
Something, though you thinke not ſo.

Fel. Doe you ſee all this here?

Gaſp. That and more in this table
Lies your ſtory: 'tis no fable,
Not a line within your hand,
But I eaſily underſtand:
Your line of life is faire, hard by
Aſcends that of proſperity,
But broken in the mid'ſt to th' Mount
Of *Saturne* here, which ill we count,

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Ma,

Ha, Triangle and Mercuriall line?
But *Venus* is no friend of thine.
Infor. How now, Palmistry? beleeve him not.
Gasp. In your face your fate is wrote,
You lov'd a woman, she not you,
You know whether I say true,
Her name began with *S.* but shee,
Shall never be enjoyd by thee,
Shees married now to one that's old,
But very rich: your fortune's told.
Infor. Beshrew me he has cunning.
Sel. Doe you beleeve him sir?
Gorg. Beleeve him? nay, you may beleeve him, he's abomination cunning man, he told mee my fortune as right as if he had beene in my belly.
Shep. Does thy fortune lie in thy belly then, Sweet-heart?
Gorg. Partly, sir, as other womens fortunes doe.
Gasp. Damsell, you have yet a fate
Will make you wonder more thereat,
By collection, I dare prove,
That his name, whom you did love,
Began with *G.* but 'tis too true,
He hath slaine himselfe for you.

Felice faints.

Felice, come againe, doe not beleeve me, I told thee false, I did but trie to gaine a knowledge of thee: thy starres owe thee more happinesse, *Felice*, looke up, see thy friend alive, I am *Gasparo*. Foot, I ha made faire worke.
Fel. Ha, 'tis *Gasparo*.
Gasp. Have I found thee, O wench, thou wert unjust,
Too much unjust, thus to absent thy selfe
From *Gasparo*, thy cruell father since
Hath wept enough to wash away his error.
Fates, I doe thanke you, for this blest direction.
But *Infortunio*, I am sorry now,
I read the truth of thy unhappinesse,
It is too true, *Selina* is beyond

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Your ſpheare of hope, pardon, worthy ſir,
The ſhape I tooke, was not to mocke your fortunes,
But trie mine owne. And have I found the wench?

Gorg. Oh, no, no, your ſuit is in vain, hands off, ſheepheards.

1. *Shep.* I will make thee amends and marry, prethee ſweet *Mopſa*, beautifull *Mopſa*.

Gorg. Beauty! I doe confeſſe I have reaſonable beauty, for blacke and white, for all other colours are but compounded of them: but the truth is, I cannot ſo ſoone forget my old love; though he hath prov'd falſe unto me, *Mopſa* will prove true unto him: oh, and it were not for ſhame, now I would die for love.

Sel. Be not dejected, ſir, you have a fate
Doth ſmile upon you, I have a little skill.
In that this Gentleman ſeem'd to have ſome knowledge,
I muſt needs croſſe his judgement, and pronounce
You are more happy.

Let not ought your ſoule annoy,
You that Virgin ſhall enjoy,
That you firſt lov'd, who doth wait
To make your wiſhes fortunate,
And ere Sun twice declines to weſt,
You may be with marriage bleſt.

Gaſp. The boy is mad.

Infor. Doe not undoe, ſweet boy, the benefit
Thou haſt already done mee, thou doſt utter impoſſibilities.

Sel. Then with one Argument I can eaſily
Take off your wonders, looke on thy *Selina*,
That on the wedding morne forſooke *Rufoldo*,
Touch'd with a ſenſe of thy indignities,
Thus to obſcure me from all curious ſearch
And inquiſition, but not hoping ever
To be made thine, now if true love maintaine
The opinion you pretend, thus in your armes
I powre my ſelfe.

Infor. It is *Selina*. Oh, I am rent in peeces
With joy and wonder.

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Gaſp.

Gasp. Harke you, sir, doe not beleeve him.
Let not passion make you a mockery.
Is not *Selina* married to *Rufaldo?* then am I goose-giblet: I should have beene at Church with 'em, but for a crotchet that I had in my pate all the morning: I spake with her father yesterday, and from his mouth I heard, *Selina* was very well, I thinke I doe not dreame, indeed now I call to memory, hee said *Selina* was mist two or three houres ath' wedding morne; some figary, I know not what: and *Antonio*, as I supposed, gone in quest of her, not heard of since: but *Selina* is sure *Rufaldoes* wife, or some devill in her likenesse has abused them all with credulity. This is true sir, therefore be not easie, doe not deserve more pitty, this boy is mad, a jugling boy.

Sel. Shall I not be beleeved then for my selfe? am I refused now?

Inf. It cannot be she: troth boy, thy conceit tooke mee at first with much credulity: but here's our natures weakenesse, apt to credit what we affect: were there not too much against it, thou mightst deceive me: oh no, *Infortunio* is given up, lost to all felicity.

Sel. Since then you put me, sir, to prove my selfe, let mee not be lost, I will not call you what I desire, nor name you further: give me leave to find my selfe, I know not where I am yet: my brother *Antonio* gon? what fury hath assum'd *Selina's* shape?

Gasp. Come, put on a mans spirit, *Mopsa.*

Geor. Well, sir, in regard you are so importunate, although I have forsworn marriage, if you desist constant, you may chance to have a licke at my Maydenhead. *Exeunt.* *Exit cum* Inf. & Fol.

Sel. I have it, my Brother's lost:
Ile send a shepheard in *Antonio's* name,
To invite my father hither, and that Incubus,
I vow not to forsake these plaines, till I
Possesse my selfe, or be rejected quite,
Suspend thy passions then a while, *Selina*,

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To morrow is the Shepheards holiday,
Which they ſolemnize with rurall pleaſures,
'Twill draw them ſooner: ha, are they gone?
I will not leave 'em, with this thread I ſhall
Tread o're the Labyrinth, and diſcover all. *Exit.*

Enter Cornelio.

Cor. *Antonio* ſlaine? hapleſſe *Cornelio*,
My hopes were treaſur'd up in him, the ſtaffe
And comfort of my age, and is he gone?

Enter Antonio, Hillaria, Rufaldo.

Hil. Haſt ſent for *Bubulcus*?

Ant. I have,
Father, let not too much paſſion foyle that temper
Hath beene obſerv'd in old *Cornelio*.

Cor. Why, was not hee thy Brother? canſt thou thinke
Thou haſt ſo little ſhare in yong *Antonio*,
That thou dareſt ſpeake of comfort?

Ant. Sir, on my life *Antonio* is not dead.

Ruf. No, no, 'tis impoſſible.

Ant. *Bubulcus*, on my ſoule's a very coward,
And durſt as well attempt to take a prey
Out of a Tygers jawes, as ſee a ſword
With patience bent againſt him.

Cor. But cowards in deſpaire prove deſperate, and moſt unhappy.

Ant. A my conſcience I could beat him into a mouſehole.

Ruf. Nay, I could beat him, and I am ſure you can beat me woo'd I were well rid of you: 'tis a double miſery to bee abus'd, and dare not ſpeake out.

Enter Bubulcus, Officers.

Hil. Here's *Bubulcus*.

Bub. Not guilty, not guilty, and pleaſe your Worſhips, let me not be hang'd for a lye of mine owne making: 'tis well knowne I am a ſtinking coward: not guilty, I beſeech you; I never drew ſword in anger in my life: if you hang me, you undoe me for ever.

Ant. Looke you, ſir, 'tis cleare.

Bub.

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Bub. My conſcience is as cleare as Cryſtall: not guilty my Lord, I beſeech you ——

Cor. Didſt not thou kill *Antonio* then?

Bub. Let mebe hang'd if I did.

Cor. Stay, he'le confeſſe.

Bub. I confeſſe I told a lye, thinking to have got ſome credit: but if ever I ſaw *Antonio*, ſince he gave mee two or three kicks, which I deſerv'd well enough, broyle mee a'th coales. Mercy, oh mercy: doe not caſt me away upon the Hang-man now, in the pride of my youth: not guilty my Lord.

Cor. Howſoever feare of death poſſeſſe him ſo, I ſee the murther in his eyes.

Bub. My eyes? woo'd they were out then: doe you ſee murther in my eyes? are my eyes blood-ſhot?

Cor. His very hand doth ſhew a guiltineſſe, looke how it trembles.

Bub. The feare of hanging hath put my whole body into palſey: my hands guilty? I can waſh my hands cleane of it, I never kild a fly. By this hand, not guilty.

Enter a Shepheard haſtily.

Shep. Which is *Cornelio*?

Ant. This: what's the matter? what mak's this ſhepherd here?

Cor. I am *Cornelio*: is it with me thou woo'dſt?

Shep. *If your name* Cornelio *be,*
Contentment and felicitie
I bring you: I am ſent from one
That doth call himſelfe your ſonne,
Yong Antonio, *who thus low*
Would beg your bleſſing, prayes that no
Affliction too much you diſmay
For his abſence, bade me ſay,
If you daine ſuſpend your care,
A few houres, and repaire
Unto the place of Shepheards by,
To grace their pleaſures with your eye,
Antonio *will himſelfe declare,*
Faithfully what cauſes were

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Of

Of his absence, and requite
These dolours with a fresh delight:
And so farewell. This is all:
Backe againe I heare thou call. *Exit Shepheard.*

Cor. Oh stay a while.

Ant. He's gone, sir: did I not tell you, *Antonio* was not dead? but this is strange.

Cor. Doe I not dreame?

Ant. *Antonio* among the Shepheards? if hee be there, I am dresst Ifaith: By any meanes, goe sir.

Bub. Is *Antonio* alive againe?

Ruf. Yes verily, alive againe, let not the Hangman fright away your wits any longer.

Bub. I hope I shall choose my owne Gallowes then. *Hillaria*, you would not beleeve me: did I looke as I had kild any body? now I hope you will hold mee for an innocent hereafter.

Cor. *Bubulcus*, pray let us have your company,
It doth concerne your freedome. *Antonio* living?
Rufaldo, let us make a merry day on't,
If it be true. If? I doe sinne against
Discretion to distrust it. O my starres,
I doe acquit you all your injuries,
If you possesse me of *Antonio*.
Never did man to blisse more willing goe.

Bub. I am glad I am repriev'd: come *Hillaria*.

Ant. 'Twere pretty if *Antonio* bee multiplied: here's tricks indeed, I am resolv'd to see what will the end of this confusion be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Jenkin.

Jen. Never was *Ienkin* in such Wilderneese, her have walked and travelled creat deale of miles in these Woods: but her can finde no end nor evasions, looke you: her have read in Histories, and Relations, and Kernicles, very famous Knights, and prave Sentilmen of valours and shivalries, have beene enchaunted, looke you, in Castles and very strange dwellings, and Towers, and solitary places, now

now was heve creat feares and ſuſpicions, leſt *Ienkin* was fallen into ſome wiſheries and conjurations, and was inchaunted, bleſſe us awll in theſe Deſarts and Wildernesſes for her valours and magnanimities. *Enter Jocarello.*

Joc. So ho, ho, Maſter *Ienkin.*

Jen. It is our Pages agen. *Iocarello*, where have you beene? you are very tilligent Poyes, to loſe your Maſter thus.

Ioc. I was loſt my ſelfe, had not a Shepheard by chance found me, and carried mee into his houſe under the ground, where with a great many of Shepheardeſſes wee ſate up all night in making Garlands for ſome ſhew and paſtimes to bee done this day, which they call their Feſtivall: pray, ſir, ſince we have run a wildgooſe chaſe ſo long, let's ſtay one day to ſee theſe ſports and dancings.

Ien. Sports and dances, ſay you? take pleaſure and delectations in dances? Very well, *Jenkin* was knaw how to dance her ſelfe, was pred in awle Sentilmans qualities, looke you, her will make no peregrinations backe till awle be done, and it may be, was ſhake her legs in capers too, look you now.

Enter Cornelio, Rufaldo, Antonio, Bubulcus, Hillario.

Corn. Maſter *Ienkin*, you are well met in theſe parts, I perceive you are earely this morning, to partake the paſtimes of our Shepheards.

Ien. Good tayes and ſalutations, and cret deale of felicities come to awle your urſhips.

Bub. Sir, my name is Maſter *Bubulcus*, and I am as good a Gentleman.

Ien. As who pray you? doe you make compariſons?

Bub. I doe embrace your familiarities, and remaine your trueſt worme.

Ien. Not too much wormes, nor familiarities pray you: ha Pages, here is *Selinaes* in her owne apparels and veſtiments, awle was very true as our Councrey-woman Echoes was make reports: *Selina* was gone backe agen? very well: Miſtris *Selina's* was very full of joyes and exhillarations, to ſee you in theſe places, you knaw how creatly and ardently *Ienkin* was taken with your peauties, and pul-

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chritudes, eret while agoe: pray' when did you make returnes out of these woods? *Ienkin* had knowledge, and saw you in your Shepheard apparels, and was make ambulations after you hither, out of meere amors and affections as her was true Sentilman.

Ant. I make returne out of these woods? I entred them but now.

Ien. Well, you desire not to have things declared, and published, her was keepe awle silences.

Ant. Upon my life you are mistaken quite in this, Master *Ienkin.*

Ien. Oh, pray you make not *Ienkin* ridicles, and derisions, looke you, shall heare no more of that matters, call you only to memories you promised loves to *Ienkin*, pray you in matrimonies creat while agoe.

Ant. I deny not that, fir, but I know not why you have long neglected me, and I am now married to *Rufaldo.*

Ien. Rufaldoes? hit is not possible.

Bub. Father he saies it is impossible *Selina* shold be your wife

Ruf. How, not my wife? I would faine see that.

Ien. Is *Selina* your wifes in truths and verities pray you?

Ruf. Doe you make question? My wife? I thinke there is some reason, she is my very deare wife, I will assure you fir.

Cor. He has got a boy by this time.

Ruf. A boy? well, I have got something, a pox a your fingers. How saist? is not something done Sweet-heart?

Ant. Yes, in my conscience something is done.

Ien. Ienkin was never awle his dayes have such injuries and contumelies put upon her: was ever Sentilman thus abused? have her made repetitions and genealogies of her blood, for no matrimonies? *Ienkin* has peat the pushes, and *Rufaldoes* has get the pirds. Hum! her love not to make quarrels and prabbles, but *Ienkin* could fight with any podies in the whole urld, awle weapons, from the long Pikes to the welsh-hookes, looke you now, no matrimonies? her welsh-blood is up, looke you.

Cor. Master *Bubulcus.*

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Ien.

Ien. Maſter Blew-pottles, have you any ſtomaks or appetites to have any plowes or knogs upon your coſtards looke you?

Bub. No great ſtomacke at this time, ſir, I thanke you: alas, I have 'em every day, they are no novelties with me.

Cor. Come, Maſter *Ienkin*, I now perceive you lov'd my daughter, if you had acquainted me in time, I ſhould not have beene unwilling to have cald you ſonne, but ſince 'tis too late, let your wiſedome checke impatience: I know you are of a noble temper, howſoever paſſion may a little cloud your vertues, lets be all friends I pray.

Ien. Here is very good honeſt words, yes, looke you, *Ienkin* is in awle amities and friendſhips, but ——————

Cor. Oh, no more ſhooting at that but: harke, I heare the ſhepheards muſick, and voice too, lets ſit down I pray, *Antonio* keep thy word.

Muſicke. *Enter Shepheards and Shepheardeſſes with garlands.*

SONG.

Wood-men Shepheards come away,
This is Pans *great holy-day,*
Throw off cares,
With your heaven aſpiring aires
Helpe me to ſing
While valleyes with your Eccheos ring.

2

Nymphes that dwell within theſe groves,
Leave your arbours, bring your loves,
gather poeſies,
Crowne your golden haire with Roſes,
As you paſſe
Foote like Fayries on the graſſe.

3

Joy drowne our bowers, Philomel,
Leave of Tereus *rape to tell,*
Let trees dance,
As they at Thracian Lire did once,
Mountaines play,
This is the Shepheards holiday.

Dance. *The song ended, Enter a maske of Satyres &c. and dance. Enter a Shepheardesse with a white rod.*

1. *Shep.* *Post hence Satyres and give way,*
For fairer soules to grace the day,
And this presence, whip the aire
With new raysings, hence with care,
By the forelocke hold Time fast,
Least occasion slip too fast
Away from us, joyes here distill.
Pleasures all your bosomes fill. *Exit*

Enter Infortunio, Selina, Gasparo, Felice, Gergan, Shepheard. *They dance.*

Sel. Faire Nymph, vouchsafe the honor to dance with me.
Ant. Troth, sir, I cannot dance.
Sel. We know you are *Selina*.
Infor. Your hand, faireſt.
1. *Shep.* Disdaine not, gentle sir.
Ien. Pible pables, with awle her hearts, looke you.
Gerg. Noble sir.
Bub. Faire Lady, at your service.
Gasp. I will not change.
Fel. Nor I. *One measure.*
Cor. Which is *Antonio?* *Dance.*
Ruf. It will breake out anon.
Sel. You are a theefe.
Ant. Ha?
Sel. You have robd *Selina*.
Ant. Then Ile make reſtitution, what are you?
Sel. *Antonio*.
Ant. The Devill you are! faith, deale honeſtly with mee, and Ile be true to thee: who art?
Sel. I am *Selina* by my hopes of heaven.
Ant. Ha, ſiſter then!
Sel. I have no brother but *Antonio*.
Ant. And I am he. Oh happineſſe!
Sel. If thou beeſt *Antonio*, what made thee aſſume my habit?

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Ant. Of that anon. Lives *Infortunio?*

Sel. Hees here, and with him *Gaſpare* and my ſiſter the loſt *Felice.*

Ant. I am raviſht with this wonder.

Sel. Keepe your face conſtant: the Muſicke calls. *Dance.*

Cor. Ha, what meanes this?

Ant. Selina.

Fel. Your bleſſing, ſir, we are your children.

Cor. Who's this?

Sel. I am *Selina*, ſir.

Ant. And I am *Antonio.*

Cor. Amazement: thou *Antonio?* he *Selina?*

Ruf. Ha, how's this, my wife become a man? I confeſſe ſhe plaid the man with me.

Cor. But who is this?

Fel. I am *Felice* ſir, your long loſt Daughter,
Found out by *Gaſpare*, unto whom my vowes
In heaven were long ſince ſacred, and I beg
Once more he may be mine.

Sel. As I to be poſſeſt
By *Infortunio* here.

Cor. Stay children, ſtay: take heed, you doe not know
What ſtrength of joy my fainting age can beare:
You fall in too full ſhowres, like ſwelling Nile
Theſe comforts will exceed the narrow bankes
Of my poore frailty: riſe, enjoy your wiſhes,
And my bleſſings be multiplyed upon you. Ha!
Rufaldo, here's *Felice* my loſt Girle,
Take her, take her, *Gaſpare. Selina*,
Art not thou *Rufaldo's* wife?

Ant. No, ſir, I ventured that, he knowes me well,
Hillaria and I were bedfellowes, at his requeſt.

Bub. How? *Hillaria* and you bedfellowes? I'de laugh at that.

Ruf. I am abus'd, diſgrac'd, undone.

Cor. Nay, *Rufalda.*

Bub. Why then it ſeemes you were *Antonio*, that I kild ſo, and you have a a man ſhould ſay, line with *Hillaria* beforehad

Ant. I am not behind hand.

Bub. Nay, and you have tickled her before and behind, tickle her all over for *Bubulcus*.

Ien. Harke you, is there another *Selina's?* bleſſe us awle, here is very prave love-trickes, looke you.

Ruf. Bleſſing on him: why he hath made Stockfiſh on me, he has beaten away all my inclination to give my bleſſing.

Cor. Come, upon recollection, you muſt make it a bargaine: they have, it ſeemes, bought and ſold already, 'tis paſt recovery, he ſhall be worthy of her.

Hil. Sir, that you may with more alacrity let fall your bleſſings: know our bloods are pure, *Antonio* and your Daughter are as chaſte from any ſinfull act, as when wee were firſt mantled after birth.

Ruf. Ha, ſaiſt ſo?

Ant. 'Twas none of my fault, I am ſure.

Ruf. Then my bleſſings to you: come, y're both my children.

Bub. How?

Cor. Amen, and mine: Why I am rapt beyond my ſelfe with joyes. *Infortunio*, Fate hath effected that I beg'd of heaven in many prayers for you, oh my bliſſes.

Bub. So, ſo, I am guld, my houſe taken o're my head?

Gorg. Sir, you know who I am, I am yet walking *Terra incognita*, I have a great minde to *Bubulcus*, you know what I have ſuffered for him, and ſo forth.

Gaſp. Let me alone, ſo, ſo: then pleaſures runne with a ſtreame upon us, but if wee ſhall make a full day on't, here's one more to meet with her match, this poore Virgin hath beene long in love with *Bubulcus*: troth, ſir, looke upon her at length pittifully complaining: alas good ſoule, bee honeſt at length: prethee doe, and marry her, you know what has paſt betweene you, 'tis a handſome wench.

Bub. Umh, I doe remember ſhe was in love with mee, and ſo was twenty more: what's that to me? Alas, would you have me deſcend ſo low?

Gorg. Oh, ſir, you ſung another ſong in my Mothers Dairy,

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Dairy, when we ſate up all night together, and had a ſacke poſſet. *All.*

Bub. I doe remember ſuch a thing, but what's that? Ile take't upon me.

Gorg. I beſeech you, Gentlemen, ſpeake for me, for I will have him, I am aſhamed to ſhew my reaſons.

Bub. Very ſmall ones: away you durty queane.

Inf. What, has he got thee with childe?

Gorg. More than that, ſir.

Fel. Has he had any Baſtards?

Gorg. Indeed Miſtreſſe, Ile tell you; hee hath begot three children of my body.

Inf. Fie upon't, no leſſe than three baſtards.

Bub. How? nay, ſhe lyes falſly, I got but two, ſo many I will acknowledge, becauſe they ſhall not doubt my ſufficiency, had I any more than two? ſpeake you lying whore.

Gaſp. Sir, I tender your credit, there is but two wayes, either you muſt marry her, or give her a piece of mony, that's the eaſieſt way, ſhe is poore: for your reputation——

Bub. What doe you thinke will content the whore?

Ien. Harke you, beſt for you, make ſome ſatisfactions to this Sentilwoman, or *Senkin* was learne you more honeſties and behaviours towards theſe umans, warrant you maſter blew pottles.

Gaſp. A matter of twenty or thirty peeces, you can ſpare them.

Bub. You Strumpet, here's twenty peeces for you: doe you heare? keepe well the boyes then: but you ſhall ſweare, before theſe Gentlemen, you will never claime mariage: there, be an honeſt woman hereafter.

Gorg. Yes, beare witneſſe, Gentlemen, I doe accept his wiſe benevolence, and will never trouble him with marriage—— while *Gorgon* lives.

All. Gorgon?

Gorg. Your ſervant, and your pardons: nay, *Gorgon* has had his devices and vagabunduloes as well as the beſt on ye: give you all joy, I wiſh you wit, ſir.

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Bub.

Bub. I am foold of all sides, was I borne a foole?

All. Ha, ha.

Ien. Stay you, Master double colours, there be more fools in the businesse as your selfe: well *Ienkin*, were even best make shurneyes back into her owne countries, and never put credits or conferences in any womans in the whole world: they all lie and coozen, and make derisions out awle measures.

Inf. Nay, nay, Gentlemen, let's all together,
Wee'le drowne all discontents this day with wine,
Let's take up all our Fates then, and proclaime
This day new Festivals in *Hymens* name.

Bub. Stay a little, and Ile along with you. Since I have mist my wench, Ile aske these Gentlemens good wills to a second match, in stead of an Epilogue,

Courteous Spectators, and kinde Gentlemen.——

Gor. Why, how now? what, are you mad? will you speake the Epilogue? though you have plaid a foole in the Play, you will not shew your selfe an Asse before all this company. The Epilogue? I hope I am the wiser ath' two, and the better read in complement.

Iudicious Gentlemen.——

Ien. Harke you, Master double-colours, and you Goody *Gorgons*, here is one wiser, Asses you both to pronounce the Epilogues, warrant you, and one, that knawes—— to speake in as good English, Gentlemen, now *sans* Complement.

Our Love-trickes have beene shewne, and we attend
To know if your acceptance crowne the end,
The world is full of trickes, but it will be
A tricke worth all, to have some plaudite
To these of love. If then contentment dwell
On you, we shall conclude, our Play shewes well,
Which we did Love-trickes call, that we might prove
It was a tricke of ours to gaine your love.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

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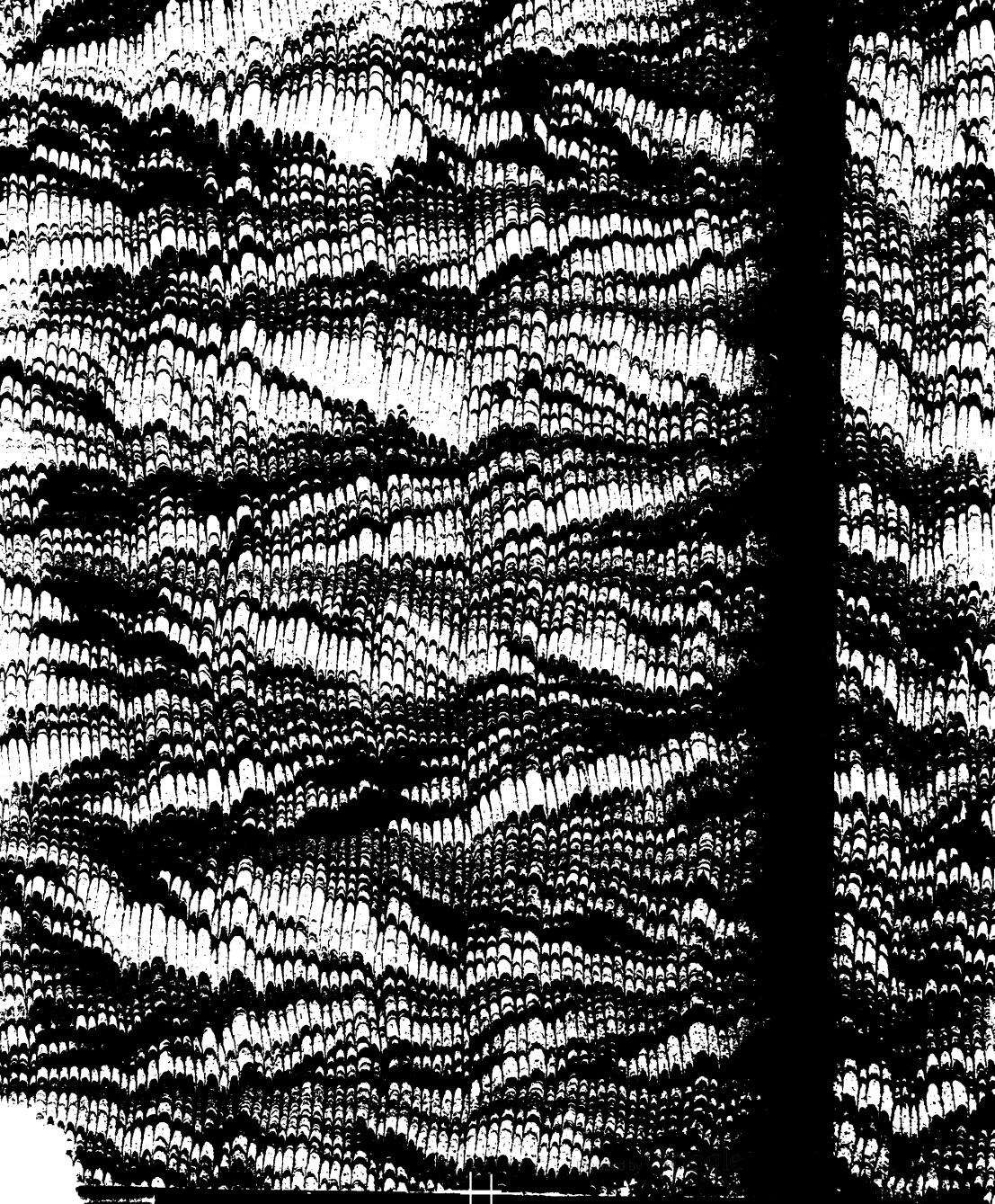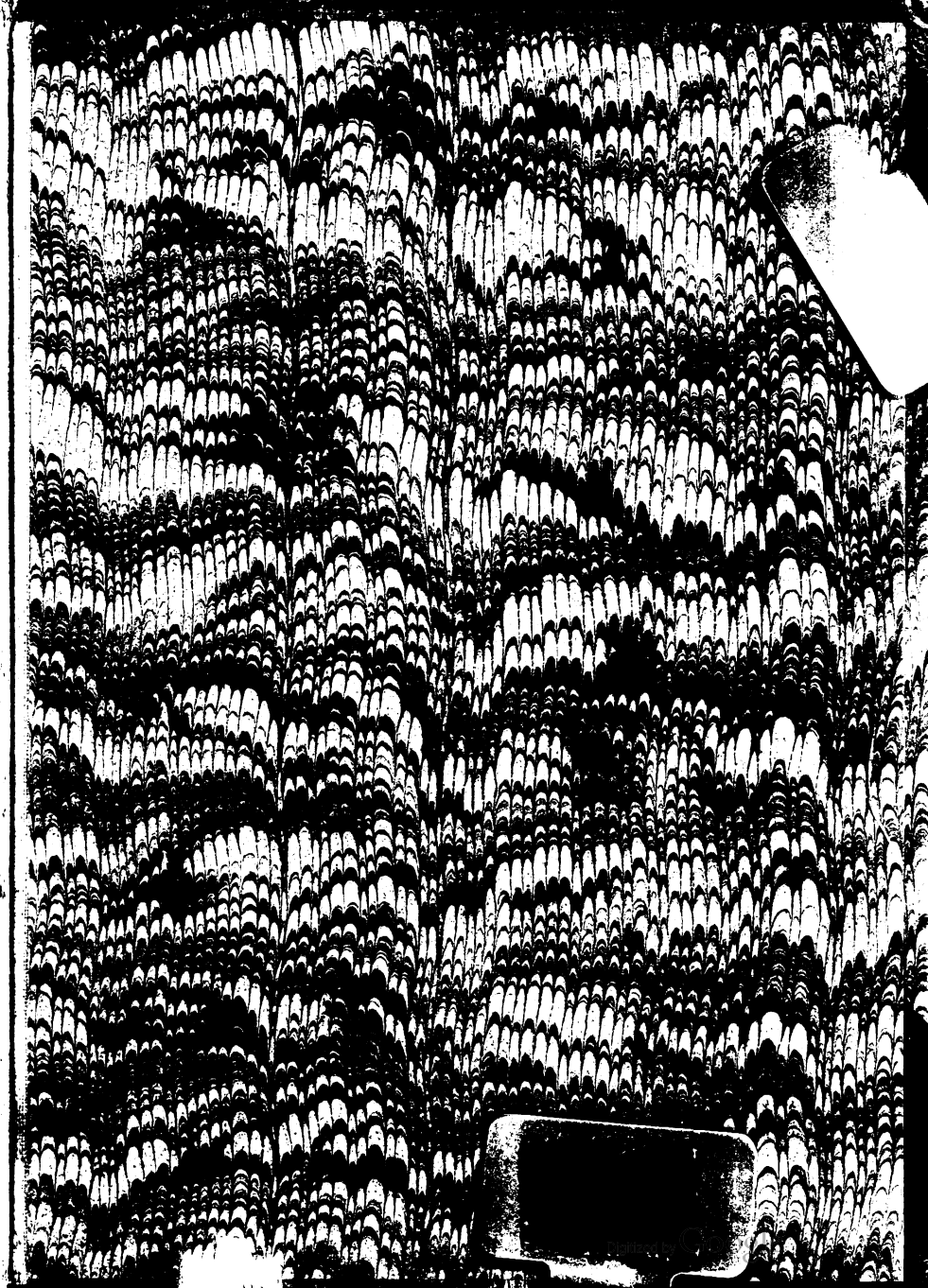
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